

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,832, Vol. 70.

December 6, 1890.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

ON Friday week the Opposition recovered somewhat from the disarray into which they had been thrown by the PARNELL crisis; but the Government was well prepared for them, and a fair amount of business was done, the resistance coming (though Mr. GLADSTONE spoke) chiefly from the Irreconcilables, under their self-appointed chief, Mr. LABOUCHERE. Mr. SMITH's already announced motion for taking the whole time of the House till Christmas came first, and, having been shown by the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY to be in accordance with precedent, was debated by himself, Mr. LABOUCHERE, Mr. LOWTHER, Mr. GLADSTONE, and others, and carried by a majority of 50 against 173 dissentients. On going into Committee of Supply, Mr. BRADLAUGH, unequally yoked with Mr. JENNINGS, made his usual attack on perpetual pensions, receiving support from Sir WILLIAM HAROURT (an unpensioned scion of kings), and others. The Government, for whom Mr. GOSCHEN was the chief spokesman, were supported by 185 members to 152. There was little noteworthy in the debate, except the rather naïve affrontory with which Mr. PHILIPPS, a young Radical member, advocated delay, because the pensioners, becoming frightened, would take less compensation. The morality of which Mr. PHILIPPS's party talks so much would, we should have thought, suggest that a just demand should be paid at once, and an unjust one resisted at all hazards. The postmen's case and some other matters were discussed, and the House, still composed of early birds, adjourned about eight o'clock.

The run of the Government good luck (may NEMESIS be absent!) continued on Monday, when Mr. HERBERT GARDNER retreated from his amendment on the Tithe Bill, and the second reading of that measure, after being most feebly opposed, chiefly by Welsh members, was carried against a vague and rhetorical amendment of Mr. RENDEL's by 224 to 130. This matter took up the evening to midnight, and no other business of importance was done, the chief matter of interest in the questions being the statement of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that ether would be scheduled as a poison to stop the drinking of it in Ireland.

It was impossible that things could continue to go quite so swimmingly, and Mr. SMITH's extreme sanguineness perhaps provoked, let us hope not seriously, the goddess above respectfully referred to. On Tuesday night, for the first time in the Session, an adjournment took place in the debate of an important measure, the Land Purchase Bill. Even here, however, the oddity of the situation was maintained by the absence of all the Irish members and by the fact that the amendment on which the debate took place was moved by an unimportant private member, Mr. JOHN ELLIS, though Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. BALFOUR spoke on it. Mr. LABOUCHERE, who has not been amusing for a long time, seems to have felt that an effort must really be made to cheer up the doleful dumps of his party, and achieved a very respectable one in the observation that he opposed the measure "because it would delay 'Home Rule.'" After this debate was adjourned, the second reading of the Transfer of Railways (Ireland) Bill was opposed by vote, though not by voice, and carried by 225 to 73.

The Land Purchase Bill also occupied the whole of Wednesday afternoon, when the Irish members returned to the House to vote both for the amendment and for the Bill. After Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, Colonel NOLAN, Mr. SHAW LEVENS (at doleful length), the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and others had spoken, the matter was settled by three divisions, the amendment being defeated by 245 to 173, the

closure carried by 242 to 172, and the second reading by 268 to 130.

In Parliament on Thursday Mr. BALFOUR obtained leave to bring in a Seed Potatoes Bill, and got a supplementary estimate of 5,000l. for relief of distress in Ireland—the latter after some debate, but no division. Mr. STEVENSON's instruction on the Tithe Bill, which would have killed the measure by a side blow, and set up the general question in its place, was defeated by 203 to 68, and the House went into Committee on the Bill *pro formâ*. The Transfer of Railways (Ireland) Bill went through Committee, and was read a third time.

On Saturday morning Mr. PARNELL published Mr. Parnell's long and remarkable Manifesto to the People of Ireland, meeting the Gladstonian controlment with controlment at least as determined, making some perhaps cynical, but very awkward, revelations as to the bottled-up scheme of Home Rule, declining, with his usual unyielding coolness, to regard the Irish party as in any sense under the orders of Mr. GLADSTONE, and, in case of need, appealing even from that party direct to the Irish people. This Manifesto promptly drew from Mr. GLADSTONE a furious rejoinder, in which the writer first denied all Mr. PARNELL's assertions in general, and then, by implication or otherwise, admitted most of them in particular. Hard is it to judge between a person who is admittedly capable of saying the thing that is not and one who is notoriously the champion of the world at concealing the thing that is. Mr. MORLEY, like a milder shade, followed his leader with a more plaintive disclaimer; and a vast tumult of minor voices was heard on Monday, among them that of Lord COMPTON, observing, after a fashion which in less righteous folk might seem Pharisaic, that the party led by Mr. GLADSTONE (and containing Lord COMPTON) stood higher than ever in the estimation of all right-minded men. The adjourned meeting of the Irish members duly took place on Monday, and a rare worry followed, the noise of battle rolling at Westminster all day till twelve o'clock at night. The quality of the Irish party was shown by the continuance of that wonderful unanimity on the part of all his possible successors in desiring the retirement of Mr. PARNELL, on which we commented last week, but the rank and file were more constant than their officers. Mr. PARNELL himself fought with what we believe is called courage worthy of a better cause, rallying many of the doubtfuls to his side, applying stinging taunts to the mild morality of Mr. McCARTHY, forcing Mr. HEALY to a "withdrawal," pricking Mr. SEXTON (the great windbag) right cleverly, and causing the day to close on a still undecided fight. Meanwhile a hideous rumour ran that the populace of Cork had been crying "GL-DST-NE is a 'sl-pp-ry old d-v-l.'" But this is incredible. At last, after another day's fighting on Tuesday, a division was come to upon Colonel NOLAN's (Parnellite) amendment to transfer the debate to Dublin, and decided against Mr. PARNELL by 44 to 29. This, however, did not terminate the matter, and the expressions of popular sympathy with Mr. PARNELL in Ireland grew stronger and stronger, though the Irish Roman Catholic bishops, after long hesitation, pronounced against him on Wednesday. When the party meetings were resumed on that day, they became private; but it was understood that an amendment by Mr. CLANCY (Parnellite) of the nature of a compromise, but clearly intended to divide the rebels, was under debate. Mr. SEXTON was apparently drawn into threatening the Chiltern Hundreds—the very thing, no doubt, that Mr. PARNELL wants. On Thursday night the purport of Mr. CLANCY's amendment was revealed, its result, in effect, being that Mr. PARNELL agreed to resign if a deputation to Mr. GLADSTONE obtained from him definite pledges on the

subject of the Constabulary and the Land Courts. Only two members objected, and Mr. PARNELL thus gained an almost complete victory. For either he proves his case as to Mr. GLADSTONE's indifference to Irish wishes, or, if Mr. GLADSTONE ties himself hand and foot to the Irish scheme, Mr. PARNELL, though in nominal retirement, will be Mr. GLADSTONE's master, and all Ireland—Nationalist Ireland—will regard him as such. The result of the deputation was not known yesterday early enough for us to take notice of it. Whatever be the result, Mr. PARNELL has done something to rehabilitate himself by the excellent fight he has shown against the curs and rats of his own party, and those loathsome hypocrites of another who put the Seventh Commandment in their pockets till it had been endorsed by Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES. By the way, some folk are puzzled by our good friend Mr. Punch's version of *Marmion*. That sage seems to forget that the DOUGLAS (1) said his house was at the King's disposal, not at that of the U. P. minister of North Berwick; (2) did not wait a week for the U. P. minister's opinion of MARMION's crime before declining to shake hands with him.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, Mr. BURT, Mr. BRYCE, and other Politicians out of Parliament.

Separatists spoke at the Eighty Club and elsewhere on Tuesday, protesting themselves to be in the best of spirits, and feeling more moral than ever. Mr. BURT also said things less to order about the Eight Hours movement.—A probably sharp contest has begun in the Bassetlaw division of Nottinghamshire between Sir FREDERICK MILNER and Mr. MELLOR, Q.C. The Tory majority at the last contested election was very small; and it will not do to presume on the favour of circumstances.—On Wednesday Lord SALISBURY made an important speech at Rossendale.

Foreign Affairs. A terrible disaster to the great Lofoden fishing fleet was reported from Norway last week, the recent storms having (it was said) wrecked nearly a hundred boats, with great loss of life.—President HARRISON's Message, delivered to Congress on Monday, dealt with a considerable number of matters, and included apologies for the failure of the Silver and Tariff Bills.—An Iradé has been issued by the Porte, inviting the Greek Patriarch to resume his functions, and dealing with the matters previously in dispute.—Mr. STANLEY has lectured at New York on the Rearguard matters with his usual disingenuousness and more than his usual insolence.—The expected collision has taken place in Manicaland between the Chartered Company and the Portuguese; but, as at present the accounts are onesided, we think it best to defer examination of them.

Letters, showing sense and good feeling on Correspondence both sides, were published on Saturday between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. SATCHELL HOPKINS, the heads of the Liberal and Tory parties in Birmingham, respecting the recent award of Lord SALISBURY and Lord HARTINGTON on the representation of that town.—On Monday two long and interesting criticisms of "General" Booth's scheme were published by Mr. HUXLEY and by Mr. LOCH of the Charity Organization Society. Another letter, this time from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and addressed to "General" Booth himself, was published on Wednesday. It "hedged" a little too much for a successor of ANSELM and SANCRUIT, but was, on the whole, satisfactory in tenor.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. STUART have written, challenging Mr. PARNELL's accuracy in some statements respecting them. The parties in the case considered, it will probably be wise to believe half the allegations, and not quite a quarter of the denials.

Miscellaneous. Lord WENLOCK has been appointed to succeed Lord CONNEMARA as Governor of Madras.—An exposition of what is frivo-losly called "The Elsmerium" was given on Saturday at the Portland Rooms. Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD urged the "bringing back of faith" (in nothing in particular), and the "great ideal" of uplifting SMITH and JONES to a higher level than that of ATHANASius and AQUINAS, of BUTLER and BERKELEY. Dr. MARTINEAU showed how the Rev. P. WICKSTEED was going to "replace" ST. PAUL and other antiquated teachers, and Mr. BLAKE ODGERS "wanted nearly 350l." We like Mr. BLAKE ODGERS best; you, at any rate, know where to have him. But whether Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, and Mr. WALTER BESANT, and Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, and Mr. KITTLE of Toynebee, and Miss BEATRICE POTTER, "and," as Mr. THACKERAY says, "the

"other fash'ables," who were there, gave him the 350l., we know not.—One of the St. Paul's Rerodos cases was dismissed with costs by the Court of Appeal on Tuesday, and on Wednesday ELEANOR WHEELER was convicted of the murder of Mrs. HOGG.—A new scheme of payment, &c., for the Metropolitan Police, matured by Sir EDWARD BRADFORD, has been sanctioned, and will, it may be hoped, remove all reasonable discontent in the force.

Sport. On Saturday last the Oxford Trial Eights were rowed at Moulsoe, and it (or rather the succeeding *dies non*) being St. Andrew's Day, the Great Wall Match was played successfully—not in China, but in its special home at Eton.—There has been a good deal of steeplechasing during the week.

Obituary. Mr. Justice LITTON, of the Irish Land Commission, has followed his colleague, Mr. Justice O'HAGAN, very rapidly. He was, though sometimes inclining too much to the tenant's side, on the whole a just and impartial judge, and was proportionately unpopular with Land Leaguers.—Mr. GEORGE BELL was the founder, and till recently the active head, of a very important publishing house which combined celebrity for the publication of school-books (notably the at one time almost universally used *Bibliotheca Classica*) with a habit of ushering many young and some good poets on their first appearance; while latterly it had acquired, and very intelligently developed, the great BORN LIBRARIES.—Lord DERAMORE, as Sir THOMAS BATESON, long ago furnished Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD with an example, not ill selected, of his rather foolishly named "Barbarian" party—in other words, of a typical English gentleman, indifferent to culture, but possessing the merits of his order.—Mr. MASKEL, of Emmanuel Hospital, was a very learned antiquary.—Mr. CAPEL CURE, for some years a Canon of Windsor, had been still better known earlier, first as a parish clergyman in Oxford, and then as incumbent of the two well-known London churches of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and St. George's, Hanover Square.—Lord COTTESLOE, who died on Wednesday, at the great age of ninety-three, was a very well-known Parliamentary and administrative figure for more than the last two generations, and Sir BARNES PEACOCK, whose death opens the way to a new Lordship of Appeal, a very valuable member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.—Mr. CHARLES MARVIN can hardly be called a person of note, but he was at one time a person of very great notoriety.—The obituary of the week, already heavy, was increased at the last moment by the deaths of Mr. BARON HUDDLESTON, the last relic but one of an old order which should never have become old, and of Mrs. PEEL, the wife of a First Commoner who has more than justified the great name under the burden of which he entered on the most difficult of offices.

The new volume (the first of *Le Régime Moderne*) of M. Taine's *Origines de la France Contemporaine* has been issued by Messrs. HACHETTE, and we shall hope to return to it next week.—There have also appeared the first volume of Messrs. MORRIS and MAGNUSSON's *Saga Library* (QUARTZ), Mr. GOSSE's *Life and Letters of Philip Henry Gosse* (KEGAN PAUL & CO.), Dr. NANSEN's *First Crossing of Greenland* (LONGMANS), and a volume of poems by Mr. W. H. POLLOCK, *Old and New* (EDEN, REMINGTON, & CO.).

MR. PARNELL AND HIS PARTY.

NOW that the storm excited by the publication of Mr. PARNELL's Manifesto has somewhat subsided, the time has perhaps come for inviting our Gladstonian friends to consider that startling *coup* with us in its moral and political aspects. And first of its moral aspect, which, as we note with pleasure, though not without respectful surprise, is the side of it which seems to press itself the more importantly on the Gladstonian view. Breaches of personal confidence to secure a political advantage are wrong: that seems now to be admitted as a general proposition by Mr. GLADSTONE's followers, and we welcome their adhesion to it, as heartily as we shall rejoice at their recognition, if they ever do recognize it, of the authority of the Sixth and Eighth Commandments as co-ordinate with that of the Seventh. Breaches, then, of personal confidence to secure political advantage being, in general, wrong, it remains to examine whether, and to what extent, if any, the particular circumstances of Mr. PARNELL's disclosures exempt them from the condemnation of the rule. For that particular

circumstance *may* so exempt such disclosures we know; since that very thing happened in the case of the CARNARVON-PARNELL conversation—a case which did not, we have it on the authority of the *Daily News*, conclusively convict Mr. PARNELL of dishonourable conduct, but merely raised “a question of difficult and delicate casuistry.” We gather, however, that these extenuating circumstances do not exist here. If “there had been no divorce case, and if Mr. GLADSTONE had simulated the treacherous conduct of Lord SALISBURY in 1886, only a very austere moralist could have found fault with Mr. PARNELL.” It might, perhaps, be pointed out that “treacherous conduct” is exactly what Mr. PARNELL accuses Mr. GLADSTONE of, and puts forward as the defence of his revelations; and, further, that if that defence be a good one on the merits, it is a little difficult to see why his having committed adultery should deprive him of the benefit of it. On this plea of Mr. PARNELL’s, however, we are not concerned to insist. Let us take it that there was no Gladstonian intrigue against him; that Mr. GLADSTONE did not catch at the O’SHEA scandal as a pretext for ousting him in favour of some more pliable leader (and we certainly confess to thinking, for our own part, that it would be very unlike our old Parliamentary hand to prefer this risky course to that of sinking his differences with Mr. PARNELL until after they had fought the next general election in pretended unanimity); that, in fact, the original impression of the Unionist onlooker was the correct one, and that Mr. GLADSTONE would never have made a hostile move against Mr. PARNELL if he had not been forced to do so by imminent danger of losing the Nonconformist vote. But, all these admissions made, it still remains that Mr. GLADSTONE, having offered Mr. PARNELL an inadequate Home Rule settlement—a settlement which he declares, as the event has proved, not a single Nationalist member dares accept on behalf of Irish Nationalism—was pressing Mr. PARNELL, in the name and interests of that very cause, and on the plea that he would imperil it by retaining the leadership, to retire from that position. What, so situated, would his Gladstonian censors have had him do? Accept dismissal quietly, and thereby connive at the deceit which was about to be practised on the Irish people? Allow his countrymen to suppose that by his self-effacement he was assisting them to the satisfaction of their Nationalist aspirations, when he knew that the so-called satisfaction which would ultimately be offered them, and for which he was asked to sacrifice himself, was one which they would indignantly and contemptuously neglect? Is that the contention of the Gladstonians who are now so scandalized at Mr. PARNELL’s breach of faith? If so, they must be prepared to contend that it is the duty of a public man to stand by and see his country cajoled, and from his point of view betrayed, if he cannot warn her of the danger without declaring the details of a confidential communication.

Of course it may be said that this case of conscience, which strikes us as much more closely answering to the description quoted above of the CARNARVON-PARNELL case, need never have assumed the “difficult and delicate” form under which it is here presented. If Mr. GLADSTONE were not the GLADSTONE whom we know, and Mr. PARNELL were not the PARNELL so well known to us all (except, apparently, to Mr. GLADSTONE), it never would in fact have taken that form. The Irish leader would have gone to the English leader, and amicably pointed out to him the equities of the case. “If,” he would have said, “you press for my ‘retirement in the name and interests of Irish Home Rule,’ you are doubtless prepared to give me an express, precise, and binding pledge to amend your inadequate proposals of last year in such a manner as to make them acceptable to myself and to the Irish people. You decline? Then in that case you cannot object to acquainting them or allowing me to acquaint them with the nature of the Home Rule settlement which you do propose to offer them, in order that they may judge whether it is worth their while to depose me for the sake of obtaining it.” Had Mr. GLADSTONE refused this, and still continued to urge Mr. PARNELL’s retirement “for the sake of the Home Rule cause,” it would, indeed, be only a very austere moralist who could have found fault with him for telling the whole story in the Manifesto. But, as we have already observed, Mr. GLADSTONE is Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. PARNELL Mr. PARNELL, and as they are their respective selves, it was inevitable that matters—and men—should fall out as they did. If it was natural to the latter statesman to take a cynical pleasure in shocking the proprieties of English

public life, and to prefer the defiant, the sensational, and the audacious way of doing the thing to the opposite method, it was equally natural to the former to provide him with the utmost possible amount of excuse. It may be that Mr. PARNELL would have gone out of his way to shock the proprieties as aforesaid; but, if so, there is all the less reason why Mr. GLADSTONE should have thrown the opportunity into his very path, and have enabled him to plead, if he chooses, that he could not possibly avoid it. Perhaps none but a man of Mr. PARNELL’s overweeningly arrogant and coldly vindictive disposition could have so avenged the galling insult offered to him by the precipitate publication in all the newspapers of what Mr. GLADSTONE intended for a decree of deposition on the very morrow of his re-election; but very certainly no one but a man of Mr. GLADSTONE’s imperious temper, and of his proved incapacity for dealing with men, would ever have put that insult upon him.

As to the political aspect of the Manifesto, that, we think we may say, can produce but one impression on any mind. We do not even stipulate for an unbiassed mind, for the truth is that no amount of party prepossession could have, or has, blinded the Gladstonians themselves to its disastrous effect. They have scarcely even attempted to disguise the consternation, bordering on despair, which it has spread throughout their ranks. Whatever happens, and however the intestine struggle which is now convulsing the Parnellite party may end, they all feel—they hardly deny that they feel—that the conspiracy, or let us say the “legitimate combination”—of English and Irish Separatist for the destruction of the Union is hopelessly smashed up. Even the literal accuracy or inaccuracy of Mr. PARNELL’s account of the Hawarden negotiations is not, they are ruefully conscious, a matter of much importance, nor can they extract any consolation from Mr. GLADSTONE’s letter of denial, which denies nothing. Lord SALISBURY’s very pertinent commentary on the letter at Rossendale, to the effect that the remedy of Mr. PARNELL’s alleged misrepresentation is in Mr. GLADSTONE’s own hands, and that he can at any moment “tell us what he did say,” has only added to their confusion. For whether is it worse that their leader should submit to the imputation of having offered inadequate terms to Mr. PARNELL—terms, however, which, as Lord SALISBURY shows, import quite sufficient menace to property in Ireland, and to the interests of the Imperial Parliament—or should consummate the disruption of his English following by enlarging Mr. PARNELL’s account of his offers? Yet, if Mr. GLADSTONE keeps silence, what remains for the party except doleful recognition of the fact that the policy of “double-shuffle”—as the PRIME MINISTER well has called it—has been exposed once for all? And, while this is their own sad state, a glance at the party upon whose united vote they were relying reveals the equally disconcerting spectacle of the Irish leader, whom they fondly imagined that their own general could cashier with a nod, maintaining a desperate and, to all appearance, a successful fight for his political existence, using every resource of his absolutely unscrupulous astuteness, now dodging nimbly, now striking hard, pulling the wires in Ireland with one hand, and managing the debate at Westminster with the other; now obstructing the proceedings for his deposition, and now administering dignified rebukes to those who accuse him of it, “ruling out” his opponents and ruling in his friends, and all with a coolness, a brazen audacity, and a command of the various arts of political *escroquerie* which testify with an almost scientific clearness to the American in his blood. What may be the event of the conflict is, at the moment of our writing, uncertain; but the last move which Mr. PARNELL has succeeded in imposing on the revolted section of his party is one which is calculated to place both them and Mr. GLADSTONE in a position of the profoundest embarrassment.

O. K. AS MINISTERING ANGEL.

THOUGH the prejudice of nation against nation may possibly have its uses, it is a very lamentable thing upon the whole, and it is as invertebrate as deplorable. Deaf to the inner remonstrances of reason, preaching moves it not, and reading has but small effect; but it does yield to the discoveries of personal intercourse in many cases. Therefore, and considering how many woes might be softened if the Peoples understood each other a little better, it might well become one of the altruistic professions to pass the better part of one’s life in a foreign capital for

the purpose of bringing about this better understanding. There are many societies for the improvement of mankind, but no association for this purpose; which is rather surprising, considering how hard the promoters of such guilds seem to be driven for a new idea. There are no great difficulties in the way—none, at any rate, that appear comparable to those which hamper the excellent work of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. You gather about you a certain number of gentlemen and ladies (and here Woman may indeed find a most fit as well as a most congenial mission), provided with certain qualifications. If possible, they should be rich, so as to be able to carry on the work at their own expense and with a nobler sense of self-sacrifice. It is of the highest importance that they should be handsome, of a generous bearing, of open countenance; essential that they should be possessed of that seductive quality which is commonly described as "nameless charm"; indispensable that they should speak at least two foreign tongues—if with a caressing intonation as well as a faultless accent, so much the better; and, above all, that they should have a certain degree of native tact, as much discretion as generosity, and a fairly good acquaintance with the idiosyncrasies of the people they are appointed to dwell amongst. For the rest, the art of dinner-giving and the graces of those who really know how to dine out. It is impossible to say how much good might be done by an international Association of the kind we suggest: France sending her social missionaries to England, to Germany, to Russia; Russia dispersing her little band of mollifying agents in like manner, and so with all the great nations of Europe. There ought to be no difficulty about finding a sufficient number of well-qualified persons for this beneficent work, especially if the Association undertook to supply first-rate ameliorators with the funds necessary to operate with success where hospitality is indispensable and a liberal expenditure mere business.

And yet, perhaps, it would be difficult to find many persons with all the necessary qualifications combined. In most cases some one of them would be wanting, while none could be safely omitted; and it is to be feared that default would most often be found in the most important particulars—discretion, and a sensitive familiarity with the idiosyncrasies of a foreign people. Indeed, this very proposal (such as it is—we do not insist upon it) has its origin in a conspicuous failure for lack of these same qualities. We have had amongst us for many years a missionary of the kind suggested; not exactly, perhaps, but very nearly. This lady—for it is a lady of whom we speak—was never, so far as we are aware, the emissary of any such International Amelioration Society as has floated into our dreams. Her mission to this country was derived from a private sense of the need we are under of some one to correct the mischief of British notions about Russia; which, it seems, are more astonishingly erroneous than any other British notions whatever. The ultimate aim in view was obvious from the first: a union of hearts, by the extinction of prejudice and the dispersal of ignorant prepossessions. For this mission the lady in question seems to have been pre-eminently qualified. According to the testimony of all who are honoured with her friendship, nature denied her few of the gracious gifts necessary for her enterprise, and thereto were added high cultivation and a special acquaintance with affairs. Her mission began about the time of the Bulgarian atrocities, and was extremely successful during the heats and excitements of the Midlothian campaign. It was then that she became the public character she has since remained—ever courting attention to herself in that capacity either as O. K. or as Mme. NOVIKOFF. No one can deny that she worked well in the Midlothian times—charming the rugged statesman with the nameless charm, bending the austere journalist to more gentle views of Russian policy, easing the minds of many a rude doubter who questioned the purely philanthropic and liberating impulses of the Divine Figure from the North. The same *beau rôle* was played at the time of the Penjeh incident, when there was some danger that British ignorance and British prejudice might drive this country into a conflict in which the poor thing would be mangled too shockingly by the fair ameliorator's fellow-countrymen. By this time, however, the want we have gently alluded to had begun to come out most distinctly. Her exhortations, her expostulations, her arguments, were so strangely lacking in discretion, and so entirely ignorant of the sensibilities of the people she addressed, that they

had all the appearance of insult; and might sometimes be blamelessly mistaken for a kind of nagging—what should it be called? Insolence is not the right word to apply to a lady, however much of a public character she may choose to be. It was not that, but something that is so called in the other sex, without the nagging; and unfortunately for O. K.'s friendly mission it is still injured by the same faults of omission or commission.

A remarkable illustration of this unhappy circumstance was lately supplied by the correspondence columns of the *Times*. Not long before, alarming stories were spread through Christendom, all to the effect that the Russian Government had resolved to put extreme pressure upon the Jewish people of the Czar. An elaborate scheme of correction, restriction, persecution (Mme. NOVIKOFF may choose the word) had been revived and enlarged, and this time there was to be no trifling in its application. Certain details of the scheme becoming known, the Jews in England set up a great lamentation; and soon a large number of Englishmen, all of some note in the world, agreed to petition and protest against the infliction of the contemplated barbarities. Thereupon our inconsiderate ameliorator, instead of coming forward with a gentle explanation of whatever mistakes had been made by our protesting fellow-countrymen, instead of showing where they had been hasty, misinformed, or unreasonably meddling, opened in the *Times* a volley of sneers unprofitable and sniffs unseemly. Surely O. K. should have learned by this time that a more undiplomatic course of proceeding could not have been adopted. She might have remembered that when, some years ago, there was an outcry against the outraging of Jewish women by Anti-Semitic Russian patriots, a Russian lady got into some disgrace by suggesting that there might be too much fuss as to that sort of female. Certainly Mme. NOVIKOFF might have remembered that, just as "some likes apples and some likes pears," so if some like Bulgarians, some like Jews; or, to put the matter another way, have an equal abhorrence of Turkish and of Russian cruelty. A discreet ameliorator, such as no doubt Mme. NOVIKOFF would rather be, would have made allowances for what is really the same sentiment in both cases. Perhaps, too, she should have recollected that, being a woman, the expression of some regret at the hardships which Russian Jews might possibly and unavoidably be subjected to would be judicious. But that is not the Novikoffian way. She must write two letters, in which not a single syllable appears to show that the writer is capable of sympathy, or is in any degree anxious to account for what others call persecution. Her exquisitely feminine talents are spent in ridicule of British "twaddlers," intimations that the English generally are a set of canting humbugs who had better look at home, and very broad hints that a handful of effete islanders should be careful how they give advice to "a great military nation of 110 millions of men." Now this is untoward. It is not the right way to do it. No doubt the Jews in Russia are very unpleasant; no doubt it becomes the people of one country to meddle as little as possible in the domestic affairs of another—never, indeed, without extremely good reason. But if Mme. NOVIKOFF's purpose is what we presume it to be (union of hearts), we really must venture to inquire whether it is not possible to be rather more nice without being any the less Russian.

LORD SALISBURY AT ROSENDALE.

THE PARNELL part of Lord SALISBURY's important speech to Lord HARTINGTON's constituency on Wednesday will fall more conveniently for notice in another place. It might have been expected, and if it was the expectation it was fulfilled, that the PRIME MINISTER would take on the subject the attitude of a man of honour who is also a man of sense, and not, as certain have taken, the attitude of a shuffler who has lost his head and is afraid of losing the game. But there is always a danger in moments of this kind when matters of absorbing, but what may be called semi-private, interest arise, of missing the greater and more permanent bearings of them. It is intensely diverting, no doubt, to watch the belated squirming of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers, in their endeavour to get rid of their alliance with the unclean thing; and there is not only a sportsmanlike, but a generous, interest in watching the prowess at bay of a man who, almost hopelessly damned as he is by past acts, of which that now alleged against him is the most venial, is fighting for life against the ingratitude

of allies and the treachery of subordinates. But the attention bestowed on these things, and rightly as well as naturally bestowed, ought not to rob other things of due care.

The three things of this latter kind to which the PRIME MINISTER drew attention were the Unionist alliance, the true reason of the split among the Separatists, and the actual nature of the Government policy. The first and the last need the least comment. There can be no doubt that Lord SALISBURY laid down the right principle of the alliance when he insisted that it ought not to be an alliance of compromise. "Prodding," or as, from a different point of view, it was called in another case, "permeation," never came to good yet. There was also value in the brief peroration on the miscalled Coercion policy and the necessity for it. The lesson of that history of Ireland of which Gladstonians talk so much, and which (let us hope for the sake of their honesty or their intelligence), they read so little, is not that England has governed Ireland tyrannically, so much as that she has alternated periods of sharp treatment with periods of utter license. We have behaved like those schoolmasters of old, and perhaps of present, time who would let their school do what it liked for hours, then rush out of their den, knock over the nearest boy or two, cane another at haphazard, and retire. But the most valuable part of Lord SALISBURY's speech was, we think, his comments on the cause as distinguished from the occasion of the Gladstonian split. That split was certain to come, because the flaw existed from the first. The desires of the Irish members are, we think, foolish, and even wicked; but they are, at least as expressed by the pure Parnellites, consistent. They want to free Ireland from dependence upon England—wholly if they can; if not, to as great extent as possible. But the English Gladstonians, with a very few mostly unimportant exceptions, have no such desire. They may be indifferent to the dangers of Home Rule; they may perhaps, in the cases of a very few very stupid men, not perceive them. But their utmost good-will to Home Rule itself amounts to this—that they are willing to run the dangers, provided that, in this way or that, Ireland supports their party. And the Irish members, even those whose greed for promotion has made them revolt against Mr. PARNELL, cannot but see this. They cannot but see that Home Rule is a trifle to Mr. GLADSTONE compared to the Nonconformist vote; that Mr. GLADSTONE regards them merely—as the expressive Gallicism has it—as *sa chose*; that they are expected not merely to obey orders, but to obey orders which confessedly have for motive not the good, as they understand it, of Ireland, but the good of the English Gladstonian party. And now, as we see, they (still guided by their leader) have retaliated by making a demand of submission as absolute from Mr. GLADSTONE himself. He may have yielded, he may have refused, but the history of the matter makes it at least probable that the breach will never be thoroughly healed on their side; and that history, we may add, should warn all English parties henceforward of the ruinous folly, as well as the certain disgrace, of having any bargainings with Irish Nationalism.

JURIES AS ART CRITICS.

THE jurymen in England is like the Ideal Wise Man of the Stoics. He knows all about everything, about morality, and even about Art. He decides between Mr. WHISTLER and Mr. RUSKIN, between Mr. BELT and his Ghosts, and, of late, between Mr. THADDEUS, a painter, and Mr. STERNBERG, a mezzotinter, on a question of excellence in an early proof. Mr. THADDEUS, whose name has been most familiar to us in connexion with Warsaw, had painted a portrait of Sir RICHARD OWEN. He engaged Mr. STERNBERG, to engrave this in mezzotint, for a sum of 120*l.*, whereof 40*l.* had been paid. But, being dissatisfied with the result of Mr. STERNBERG's scrapings, Mr. THADDEUS declined to pay the remaining 80*l.*, and even demanded the return of his 40*l.*, though this claim was abandoned when the case was heard before Mr. Justice DAY in the Queen's Bench Division. As every one knows, the proofs of unfinished engravings are submitted, from time to time, to the painter whose work is being copied. He suggests corrections, and, in the process of mezzotint especially, these should not be difficult to make. Among the witnesses, Mr. ALGERNON GRAVES thought well of the mezzotint as it stands—very slight alterations, in his opinion, would suffice. Indeed, he wished that all

such work on portraits was as good. Other publishers of engravings were content; but the painter, Mr. THADDEUS, was not content. He had seen three proofs, and in the second the engraver had not corrected the errors of the first, while the third still contained the incongruities of the first and second. On this Mr. THADDEUS not unnaturally lost patience. Mr. STERNBERG thought the blunders were "in the pictchaw," as Mr. DU MAURIER's critic says. Mr. THADDEUS said that, anyhow, it was his picture that he wanted to have copied, as CROMWELL wished his own face to be represented, faults and all. He did not want ideal beauty after the conception of Mr. STERNBERG.

Then the much-to-be-pitied Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON was brought forward as a witness. It is extremely hard on a painter to be made an Art Critic. The President of the Academy knows that the British juryman is not always in sympathy with him about matters of his own profession. That was made plain enough in the BELT case. Sir FREDERICK agreed with the painter about the engraving, not with the publishers. According to the report, which may not be precisely accurate, Sir FREDERICK said that "there was a tendency to exaggeration arising out of tone, 'primarily on the nose,' and there was something not satisfactory in the mouth. 'The engraving did not do justice to the picture as a painting.' Still, 'the defect' (or excess) 'in the nose might be remedied.' Mr. LEHMANN thought 'the nose was like a potato,' and Sir RICHARD OWEN's nose is not like a potato. But potatoes may be pared, and the nose, perhaps, might be scraped down. Mr. MCLEAN thought 'the engraving was a caricature.' 'There was a weak, silly expression about the mouth which did not appear in the picture.' However, the jury swallowed the potato, did not object to the silliness of the mouth, and gave a verdict for Mr. STERNBERG. Sir RICHARD OWEN's own opinion, which should have been important, does not seem to have been asked. It is not clear whether any operations on the nose will still be performed. However, the public, after all, will probably be the ultimate judges, and as men of science are well acquainted with what a nose should be, they will purchase, or refrain from purchasing, the engraving in accordance with the verdict of taste and reason. Perhaps the jury not unjustly argued that artists are very seldom quite satisfied with the reproductions of their own works; that the engraver, like the coxswain of a boat, usually gets all the blame. If authors were allowed to stop translations which they think unjust and inadequate, surely French novelists would protest against most versions of their works which come into the English market. Suppose, to take an improbable case, that M. DAUDET did not like Mr. HENRY JAMES's version of his latest adventure of TARTARIN. The position of a jury, perhaps not learned in French, with M. DAUDET, and a dozen publishers and Academicians and literary men, giving contradictory evidence before them, would be puzzling and awkward. It seems a pity that such cases should not be decided in a friendly manner out of Court. The world would miss Mr. LOCKWOOD's dramatic recitations of Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN's dialogue; but a great deal of time and trouble would be saved, also a great deal of expense, and art and literature would be no losers in the long run. Setting aside the drama (if that can, indeed, be called literary), matters of literature are very seldom brought into Court, which speaks well for the common sense of authors and publishers.

THE SEAWORTHINESS OF WAR-SHIPS.

ADMIRAL COLOMB begins his article on the seaworthiness of our war-ships, in the current number of the *New Review*, by remarking that the public have "connected" the wreck of the *Serpent* and her alleged bad qualities "by methods which are not altogether patent to the ordinary expert." Speaking, we presume, as an ordinary expert, Admiral COLOMB has an easy task in proving that the circumstances of the wreck prove nothing against the seaworthiness of the vessel. Lord BRASSEY, writing on the same subject in the same magazine, agrees with him, and Admiral ELLIOT, no partial judge of modern war-ships, comes to the same conclusion in the course of his remarks on the wreck in this month's *United Service Magazine*. The observation is a sufficiently obvious one, and so is this other—that the circumstances of the wreck prove nothing in favour of the seaworthiness of the *Serpent*. For the rest, the ordinary

expert had little reason to be surprised if the public did rather hastily attribute the disaster to the defects of the vessel. We have heard so much of late of the defects of the newer types of ships—not only of our own, but in the French and Italian navies—that it really was not so unreasonable on the part of the public to conclude that here was another instance of the same thing. Neither need naval officers complain if their countrymen are more ready to find fault with the ships than with the men who navigate them. In this case it must unhappily be taken as proved that it was not the fault of the ship.

When Lord BRASSEY and Admiral COLOMBO go on to reassure the public as to the seaworthiness of the new types of vessel in general, they have a much less easy task. To some extent this is due to the difficulty of defining exactly what is meant by seaworthy. If any vessel which may be trusted to make a successful voyage, when no particular bad weather comes in her way, is entitled to the adjective, then not only all the ships in HER MAJESTY's navy, but scores of crazy merchant craft, are seaworthy. This, however, is not what is generally meant when the word is used. We commonly suppose a vessel entitled to be so called to be one able to cope with the very worst weather, as far as the handiwork of man can, and to be thoroughly manageable in ordinary bad weather. If the term is taken in this sense, then, on the showing of even very favourable judges, the seaworthiness of not a few of our war-ships is very much to seek. It is acknowledged by most competent judges, and not denied by Lord BRASSEY, that whole classes of naval vessels—and notably that to which the *Serpent* belonged—are overweighted with top-hamper forward. The consequence is that they roll abominably in a very moderate sea, and dip their bows into every wave. Therefore they supply a very unsteady platform, from which it is nearly impossible to take good aim; they lose speed in rough weather, and ship immense quantities of water. In other words, they would, in a stiff breeze, be very ill able either to defend themselves or hurt an enemy, either to catch or to escape from a vessel not hampered by the same defects. It seems a somewhat lax use of words to describe such craft as seaworthy simply because they can be trusted to float. Lord BRASSEY insists that it is necessary to sacrifice some merely seagoing qualities in a war-ship for the sake of her armament. This is, we know, a favourite argument with all modern Admiralties, and it has force, but too much is made of it. Everything depends on how much is sacrificed. If it includes the power of aiming steadily and going at a good speed, it is hard to see what has been obtained in return for these seagoing qualities which have been given up. The certificates of seaworthiness which are given to certain classes of our ships by committees of Admirals, and complacently quoted by official persons, are occasionally curious reading. It is not at all an uncommon thing to find them saying that this or the other class of vessels rolls too quickly (read is crank), is greatly over-gunned, over-engined, and over-weighted, and yet is "seaworthy." One wonders more than a little what the Admirals mean till one gets to understand the working of the naval mind. As Admiral ELLIOT excellently says in his article, the old donkey frigates and ten-gun pelters were the finest craft which ever floated, if we are to believe their captains; but it is an undeniable fact that they were tube and bathing-machines. There are, in fact, two things which can be asserted with confidence of nearly any naval officer. One is that, in the security of private conversation, he will d—n the Admiralty in heaps; the other is that he will say all the good he can officially of any ship the Admiralty gives him to command, and any gun it gives him to fight with. It is a very good spirit; but, remembering how strong it is, one is inclined to discount favourable reports a good deal. We prefer to rely on facts. One fact of some importance is the decision of the Admiralty to give up this or the other model. When, for example, we are told that both the English and French Admiralties are ceasing to build ships with very low freeboards, and yet that low freeboards are not at all bad things, we venture to ticket the second assertion as an excuse, and to accept the first as a confession that not a few ships in both navies are very dubiously "seaworthy," though we dare say they can float.

COMMITTEE-ROOM NO. 15.

"WHAT a Chairman of Committees he would make!" is said to have been the admiring exclamation extorted from Mr. GLADSTONE in days long gone by, as he watched

Mr. PARNELL making play with the forms of the House, rising to this point of order, recalling that invariable precedent, or this recent ruling, and reducing to confusion the timid inexperience of Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, or the hurried good intentions of Sir ARTHUR OTWAY. These were in the days before Mr. PEEL and Mr. COURTNEY; but even then the difference noted now between the demeanour of the House when the Speaker is in the Chair and its behaviour in Committee was apparent. A very estimable Chairman of Committees, applying to the solution of the problem the joint method and difference, came to the conclusion that the secret lay in the throne-like chair of the Speaker, his Court-suit, and his gown, and his wig, as contrasted with the white tie, the evening clothes, the natural hair, and the humble seat at the table of the Chairmen of Committees. Let them change places and costumes, and, handy-dandy, which would be Mr. SPEAKER and which the Chairman? It is not our business to discuss this development of the clothes philosophy, or to determine whether the perpetual problem why the House of Commons is orderly as a House and disorderly as a Committee is a matter of vestments merely, and has no reference to the persons inside them, or whether, not to raise any contemporary question, Sir HENRY BRAND and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR would have exchanged characters and fortunes if they had exchanged garments. It was in Committee, owing to the greater opportunities that it offers, that Mr. PARNELL displayed that mastery of Parliamentary legerdemain which put even the Old Parliamentary Hand up to a new conjuring trick or two. Mr. PARNELL knew Sir ERSKINE MAY better than Sir ERSKINE MAY knew himself. His ingenuity converted the "Treatise on Parliamentary Practice" into "The Parliamentary Obstructor's Manual." So that, from that spring whence order seemed to spring, disorder swelled. This was in the days before the great reconciliation had taken place which, by some strange moral chemistry, converted Mr. PARNELL's flagitious crimes into splendid services. Of late years Mr. PARNELL, *rarus et infrequens* in his attendance in Parliament, has left the task of hindering public business to his mob of followers, and to their allies on the left hand of the chair. The result has been that obstruction has ceased to be a fine art, pursued with a nice sense of method, and has become a rude and disorderly scramble.

Mr. PARNELL has shown this week, however, that his hand is still in. It has not lost its cunning through lack of practice. He has been quite himself, as Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, in Committee-room No. 15. The position might have got upon the nerves of another person, but Mr. PARNELL is not troubled with nerves. We do not know that there is any precise parallel to his case. The nearest approach to one is perhaps to be found in the instance of that Speaker of the House of Commons who, finding his official income of 4,000. a year insufficient, and condescending to double it by receiving gratifications from promoters of local Bills and other projectors, had to put the question that Mr. Speaker had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour, and to declare that he thought the "Ayes" had it. Even "the callous heart and brazen forehead" of TREVOR, as MACAULAY styles them, shrank from putting to the House next day the question of his own expulsion, and he shut himself up, allowing that ceremony to be performed in his absence. There is no reason to think that Mr. PARNELL will, on any grounds of heart or forehead, shrink from putting the question of his own expulsion from the chairmanship of the Irish party when the time comes for his colleagues to decide it. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. PARNELL's position resembles most that of a judge who should decide over his own trial for any offence the reader may like to imagine, who should decide the whole matter of procedure, what witnesses he would hear, and in what order, and should rule evidence to be admissible or inadmissible, and should wind up by addressing himself in his own defence. Mr. PARNELL in his private capacity has resolved himself into a plurality of persons—one substance under many names. In Committee-room No. 15 he partakes in some degree the threefold character of criminal, advocate, and judge. Occasionally it was difficult to discern in which of these characters Mr. PARNELL was acting. The Speaker or Chairman of Committees is, perhaps, scarcely recognizable in such reminders as "You had better take heed what you are talking of," "Don't sell me for nothing," "I will not stand an accusation of falsehood from TIMOTHY HEALY." Mr. PARNELL may not quite have fulfilled his intention of conducting the proceedings in Committee-room No. 15 according to Parlia-

December 6, 1890.]

The Saturday Review.

639

mentary rules when, after putting a particular question, he declared that the "Ayes" had it without asking the voices of the "Noes"; but, making due allowances, the following dialogue does not very much exceed the conversational license sometimes allowed when the House of Commons is in Committee:—

Mr. PARNELL.—The question is "That this debate do now adjourn." As many as are of that opinion say "Ay." (Cries of "Ay.") I declare that the "Ayes" have it.

Mr. HEALY complained that the other side had not been asked whether they agreed.

Mr. PARNELL (rising).—The adjournment has been carried.

Mr. T. HEALY.—I move that Mr. McCarthy take the chair. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. PARNELL.—I have not left the chair yet.

Mr. HEALY.—Then put the question, Mr. Parnell.

Mr. PARNELL.—I have put the question.

Mr. HEALY.—You have not.

Mr. PARNELL.—I am not going to have my ruling challenged by Mr. Healy.

After some other remarks Mr. Parnell again put the question, when the majority appeared to be in favour of continuing the debate, and therefore Mr. Parnell said that the discussion must proceed.

After a little more wrangling—

Mr. T. HEALY said he would agree to an adjournment on the understanding that the debate would terminate the next day.

Mr. PARNELL.—Do not have any understanding with him.

Mr. T. HEALY.—It is very hard to have any understanding with Mr. Parnell.

Mr. PARNELL.—Do not be dictating terms to me.

It is possible that the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees would not have tolerated or even confirmed the expression "the infamous proceedings of the Caucus in the corner," or submitted to the retort "More shame for you," or offered the following example of dignified rebuke to an offending member:—"I think that a most insolent and impudent observation—a most insolent and impudent observation." The English House of Commons would be livelier for such interchanges of repartee as the following:—

Mr. WILLIAM CORBET.—Mr. Healy was a lawyer by profession, and could always make black white.

Mr. T. M. HEALY.—What is Mr. John Redmond's profession? You have more lawyers on your side than we have. (Laughter.)

Mr. J. REDMOND.—But you have more attorneys. (Laughter.)

Mr. CAMPBELL.—All the Healy family are attorneys and lawyers. (Laughter.)

Again:—

Mr. Healy here went over and spoke to Sir Thomas Esmonde.

Mr. E. HARRINGTON.—Look at his legal adviser. If he is an honourable man, he wants no legal adviser.

It is satisfactory to find that the reciprocal feelings of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY resemble those which Mr. PICKWICK and Mr. BLOOTON of Aldgate entertained for each other; and that the expressions which we have quoted and many others are not to be understood in the natural, but only in a strictly Parnellite, sense. The debates in Committee Room No. 15 have been interesting foreshadowing in some degree the temper and tone of the discussions which would take place in a Parliament in Dublin, if such a house of entertainment should ever be opened. The genius of the place in which the Irish party met, with years of sobering contact with English and Scotch members, and the disciplinary rule of a succession of Speakers, have perhaps tamed the wild spirits of Irish orators. But on Irish soil, and with Irish environment, they would soon awaken from their dream of decorum. It is really consoling to reflect that in Mr. CAMPBELL, M.P., whom it must be a perpetual delight to Mr. PARNELL to have as his private secretary, the Irish Parliament will possess a member well fitted to sustain the traditions of Sir BOYLE ROCHE, and, so far as his use of the English language is concerned, of Lord CASTLEREAGH. "I brand as infamous," said Mr. CAMPBELL, amidst sympathetic cheering, "the action of colleagues who would thus go behind your back, and try to cut your throat before the Irish people." If there is to be any throat-cutting, its destined victims will probably prefer, if they may be allowed to have a voice in the matter, that it should be attempted behind their backs, where, as a rule, they do not wear their throats.

THE TITHE BILL

THE evening spent last Monday by the House of Commons on the Tithe Rent-Charge Recovery Bill cannot be said to have been ill spent, though the debate was not particularly cheerful reading, and though a great part of it illustrated one of the numerous anomalies of English Parliamentary affairs. After the speeches of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, of Mr. GARDNER, of Mr. GRAY, and

of one or two others, the Bill was, strictly speaking, not debated at all, Mr. RENDEL's amendment (on which the division was taken, which occupied most of the speakers, and but for which, as Mr. PICTON, with surprising, but probably unconscious, humour, remarked, he himself would have cheerfully voted for the Bill), being academic enough for the Union of either University, and having nothing on earth to do with the subject. Neither the carrying nor the throwing out of the Bill would have been in the least inconsistent either with the affirmation or the negation of Mr. RENDEL's doctrine that "tithes are national property to be devoted to national uses," and that the tithe rent charge in Wales ought to "be applied in accordance with the constitutionally expressed wishes of the people of the Principality." We know, indeed, and Mr. STUART RENDEL knows, and everybody knows who has looked into the question, that tithes are not national property to be devoted to national uses, but private property allocated to special purposes. We know, and Mr. STUART RENDEL knows, and everybody knows, that the last part of his proposition means provincial Home Rule or nothing. But tithes might be national property and Home Rule for St. Briavels and St. Buryan's might be a good thing, and yet Mr. RENDEL's amendment would have nothing to do with Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's Bill. That Bill is strictly limited to the collection, and in a very small degree the valuation, of tithe, whosoever property it is, and to whatsoever uses it may be devoted. We must therefore be excused if we give little heed to the old speeches of young Welsh members about the hardship of making a man pay money, which in strictness he does not pay at all, to be spent on purposes which have absolutely nothing to do with his obligation to pay it. Some of the less educated of the Welsh Radicals may not have known that what they were talking was either irrelevance or hypocrisy, or both; but so it was all the same. As for Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's charges against the Bishop of St. ASAPH, the Bishop has more than sufficiently disposed of them.

The Bill itself and the earlier part of the debate on it may deserve some comment. The former is, as its introducer admitted, a very little one. Its alteration of procedure so as to make it more clear than ever that, whoever pays tithes, it is not the occupier, is wholly good; and its recognition, modest as it is, of the fact that tithe ought to bear some moderate proportion to rent or value is good too. The hardships inflicted on persons who possess their incomes by a much clearer title than that by which the excellent solicitors and ministers who declaimed against tithes on Monday possess their fees and salaries have been shocking, the inconveniences of the actual procedure enormous, the confusions and mistakes which it causes perhaps in some cases genuine. The alteration of procedure and the shifting of liability must, to some extent at any rate, remedy the evil in all three cases. But there can be no really satisfactory solution of the matter until tithe is brought into some sort of rational harmony with that actual produce of the land on which, and on which only, it of right depends. It may be, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH says, a hardship to A that, after spending large sums to improve the productiveness of his land, he should find his tithe "grow." As Mr. GRAY retorted, it is a ten times greater hardship to B to spend those sums, and, while getting perhaps twenty per cent. of the old rent, to have to pay ninety per cent. of the old tithe. There is nothing whatever that is sacrosanct in the much-talked-of settlement of 1836; the power that made it can unmake it. On the other hand, it has done two very bad things—it has got utterly out of harmony with fact, and it has grievously obscured the just obligation of the tithe-payer. Without redemption or the establishment of a sliding scale, the question will never be satisfactorily settled; but the present Bill is at least a palliative and, in its recognition of the relation of rent and tithe, a kind of harbinger of a cure.

FRENCH HOSPITALITY.

NOTHING can exceed the vigilance of the journalists and Ministers who watch that no evil may befall the French Republic. They have lately discovered a new danger, and have taken steps to guard against it: The manner of the discovery was a little curious. It has lately been discovered that some Frenchmen have been bribed by foreigners to act as spies. From this fact, which is not

particularly creditable certainly, but is not wonderful, since there are rascals who are corruptible in France as well as elsewhere, the guardians of the Republic have drawn the startling deduction that no French officer or soldier is to be trusted in a beer-shop kept by a German. No Frenchman ought to go into such a place; but unhappily they do, and when they are civilians, there are no means of keeping them out. Soldiers, however, are in a different position. They can be ordered to keep away, and accordingly a list has been drawn up "of all cafés, wine-shops, and "other public places in Paris owned by foreigners or "patronized by them." This list is to be hung up in all the barracks in and about Paris. Officers and men will alike be forbidden to visit such places; for, as the French papers shrewdly say, if a Frenchman can be tempted to act as a spy, how much more likely is it that a foreigner will? If we do not see why it follows that, because some Frenchmen have been, and many foreigners may be, spies, no Frenchman should buy beer of a Bavarian, it is probably because we are stupid. Also, no doubt, if it seems to us that an order of this kind is an insult to the garrison of Paris, as implying that all its officers and men are liable to be corrupted by foreign bribes, that also is because we do not share the very delicate and very erratic French sense of honour. For our own part, we should not have said as much to any Frenchman we ever met, partly because it would have been rude, and partly because it would produce a "holtercation." Even General SAUSSIER, who has passed for a man of sense hitherto, can say it in Paris, and—as it seems—be applauded too.

French hospitality is certainly a wonderful thing. When a German comes to Paris bringing capital with him, and, having duly paid his rent and taxes, opens a beer-shop, he is held to be in the receipt of hospitality for which he ought to be exceedingly grateful. When the French Government sets up a big bazaar for the express purpose of tempting customers to Paris, where they will be expected to pay handsomely, that also is hospitality. When a Frenchman practises this virtue, he expects to be well paid for his trouble; and he also allows himself to remind the recipients of his kindness pretty frequently of the terms on which they are to be suffered to remain. "Foreigners are "here only on sufferance," says one paper, and then another warns them not to put the forbearance of France to further trials. Neither is all this by any means only the swagger of Parisian journalists. The attacks on Belgian and Italian workmen, which occurred a couple of years ago; the registration of foreigners for some not very clearly-defined purpose of a menacing kind; the threat to expel foreign doctors from the winter stations in the South, were more than swagger. Properly considered, they show pretty accurately what the nature of French hospitality is. The foreigner who comes provided with plenty of money to spend on the various more or less highly spiced forms of amusements which France provides, who goes away as soon as he is plucked, is welcome. But the foreigner who comes with money to use in business, or even only with labour to let on hire, is a competitor. France cannot do without him—in particular, she cannot do without the labourers, now that her own population is stationary or worse. But, though he is received, he is disliked, and when he becomes prosperous he is hated. It is this generous feeling which may be pretty confidently believed to be at the back of the patriotic zeal shown against the German beer-shops. They have flourished greatly of late years. Since the war Frenchmen have taken to the drinking of beer, and German beer too. Their patriotism has not been strong enough to make them stick to native liquor. So Bavarians and other Germans are doing an extending business. The sight of their prosperity has naturally proved irritating to the native brewer, and hence all this outcry about the danger to French principles which must result from the drinking of bocks in brasseries kept by these "nauseous intruders." As native brewers and publicans have votes, and, what is more, have a good deal of influence on the votes of others, they can always secure a hearing from Ministers. The patriotic cry is a safe one, and the nation has the spy mania on the brain; so it is convenient and safe for M. DE FREYCINET to direct General SAUSSIER to draw up his foolish list. As long as Frenchmen continue to like beer, and the Germans to brew it well, no great harm will be done to the foreign brasseries; and as for the absurdity of the whole demonstration, the French have not the humour to appreciate it.

THE KENTISH TOWN MURDER.

PERHAPS the most remarkable fact about the trial for murder which occupied the first three days of this week at the Old Bailey was the entire absence of any plausible, or even intelligible, defence. Mr. Justice DENMAN, whose experience of criminal trials is as great as that of any other judge on the Bench, paid a very high compliment to the prisoner's counsel, and no doubt Mr. HUTCHINS did what he could for his client. But he had no witnesses, the facts were against him, and the greatest advocate who ever lived could have made little impression upon the jury. One ingenious commentator has indeed suggested, in the spirit, and almost in the words, of Mr. SAMUEL WELLER, that, if only an *alibi* could have been proved, the prisoner might have been acquitted. No doubt she might. We must all bow to the oracle. People are not usually convicted before civilized tribunals when they can show that they were at a distance from the scene of the crime when that crime was perpetrated. Unfortunately for ELEANOR WHEELER, but fortunately for the ends of justice, the evidence for the prosecution, which was the only evidence given, was all the other way. It was not seriously disputed that poor Mrs. Hogg met with a violent death in the house where the prisoner lived, and in that part of it occupied by the prisoner. Unless the murder had been committed in the presence of eye-witnesses, it is difficult to see how the case could have been strengthened. The purveyors of sensationalism have been disappointed in their prognostications. They all predicted "curious revelations" and "startling developments." The evidence for the defence was to "put an entirely new feature upon the 'episode,'" to "clear up the mysterious side of the situation," to "involve a number of persons whose names are at present 'kept strictly secret.' Alas for the fallibility of *Pennialius Vaticinator*! There were no curious revelations. There were no startling developments. There was no evidence for the defence. The police seem to have behaved with commendable discretion throughout, and to have sent anxious inquirers empty away, or thrown them altogether off the scent. That the prisoner should have had, so far as is known, or is ever likely to be known, no accomplice, may be thought surprising. When a woman breaks the Sixth Commandment, she usually resorts to poison. The character and extent of Mrs. Hogg's injuries, which were far more than sufficient to cause death, indicate an amount of physical strength on the part of her assailant which would have been remarkable even in a man. Moreover, although the deceased must have made some effort at self-defence, and though the neighbours heard sounds of breaking glass, the prisoner herself seems to have escaped with almost a scratch. Yet the theory that she did it alone seems almost as certain as the fact that she did it.

HOGG is a revolting creature—perhaps as unpleasant an animal as ever appeared in a witness-box, even at the Central Criminal Court. But he satisfactorily accounted for his own time, and must be pronounced innocent of complicity in the offence. When a murder has been brought home to the culprit, it is waste of time for any one except a novelist to hunt up a motive. Here, however, the motive is as obvious as the guilt. The old question, *Cui bono?* who profited by it? brings out the name of the prisoner, and suggests no other but the exculpated HOGG. ELEANOR WHEELER was Hogg's mistress, and though she was not faithful to him, she may have wished to marry him. At any rate, she was jealous of his wife; and it is one of the pathetic incidents of this squalid tragedy that Mrs. Hogg had a presentiment of her danger. She told a friend that "Mrs. PEARCEY" had asked her to go to St. Leonard's and assist in finding a house. "But," she added, "who would think of looking for me in an empty house?" Why, in these circumstances, she accepted an invitation to tea with the woman she so justly feared can only be conjectured now. Perhaps she felt secure in the semi-publicity of lodgings; perhaps she thought the presence of her child would be a safeguard. If so, she was terribly deceived. Although the prisoner was tried and convicted for the murder of PHOEBE HOGG only, it cannot be doubted that the same hands took the lives of mother and daughter. This is an aggravation of an otherwise brutal and savage crime which must, one would hope, deprive the convict of sympathy, even among the most irrational sentimentalists. Something of horror and pity there must always be in the deliberate hunting down of a defenceless creature for three long days according to all the forms of law. Not to be moved

even by the imagination of such a performance is unnatural. To assist at it as at an amusing spectacle is scandalous. But *la bête humaine*, which has survived so many centuries of Christian civilization, must be kept down by rough methods, and mercy to such as ELEANOR WHEELER is cruelty to such as PHÆRE HOGG. A less nauseous subject of contemplation than the record of hideous wickedness is Mr. Justice DENMAN's lucid exposure of a common, but false and fallacious, analogy. Mr. HUTTON, like so many defending counsel before him, observed that "a chain was no stronger than its weakest link." The application of this maxim to a chain of evidence assumes that all the facts alleged are mutually interdependent. An assemblage of probabilities, amounting in the aggregate to practical certainty, would not be destroyed, might not even be perceptibly weakened, by the disappearance, or refutation, of the least important among them.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of the PRESIDENT of the United States contains this year a very exceptional number of passages, which are of direct interest to Europe, and of special interest to ourselves. His reference to the unsettled Behring Sea difficulty would alone give his Message a claim to especial attention. If Mr. HARRISON's words indicate accurately the policy which the Federal Government is resolved to pursue, it is only too probable that the difficulty will prove insoluble. It is hardly to be expected that the ever-hopeful persons who continue to believe that an appeal to arbitration offers a sure way out of all international disputes will be shaken in their faith by the very convincing proof the PRESIDENT offers of its entire futility in cases of real difficulty. It has not, says Mr. HARRISON, been found possible to accept her Britannic MAJESTY's offer to submit the matter to arbitration, because "the form of reference proposed" was not thought well calculated "to assure a conclusion satisfactory to either party." This somewhat vague phrase is explained in the next passage of the Message:—"The PRESIDENT sincerely hopes that, before another sealing season, some arrangement may be concluded assuring to the United States a property-right in the Behring Sea derived from Russia, which had not been disregarded by any nation for over eighty years preceding the outbreak of the existing trouble." The United States, in fact, insist that the alleged sovereign right over Behring Sea, which is the very matter in dispute between the Governments, shall be excluded from the reference as being altogether beyond question. The audacity of the pretension has a certain charm. This so-called property-right has not been disregarded for the simple reason that it never existed. When, as is sufficiently notorious, the Russian Government advanced the claim, the United States took the lead in rejecting it, for reasons which are conclusive against its own present pretensions. The attempts of Mr. BLAINE to quibble out of the consequences of Mr. ADAMS's declaration have been fully exposed by the Marquess of SALISBURY. By re-asserting this monstrous demand, Mr. HARRISON gives the best of all possible reasons for doubting whether an arrangement can be concluded before the next or any other sealing season. For the rest, it is not quite certainly the interest of the Republican party that a fair settlement should be reached before the approaching Presidential election. It is useful at such times to possess a pretext for insolence towards England.

Another, and a hardly less significant, portion of the Address re-asserts the equally exasperating claim of the United States to dictate the terms on which foreign nations shall accept its pork and live stock. Substantially Mr. HARRISON claims that, whenever the United States believes its own meat and cattle to be above reproach, foreign States shall accept them without question. His Government has condescended to make inquiries at home and also abroad. They have convinced the PRESIDENT and his advisers that no case of pleuro-pneumonia has occurred among cattle landed in England for months. The United States Government is, therefore, in a position to give a guarantee. "Its non-acceptance," so Mr. HARRISON goes on to say, "will quite clearly reveal the real motive of any continued restriction upon their use, and that having been made clear, the duty of the executive will be very plain." It will be its duty, we presume, to make use of the power to suspend all trade with those countries which are not held

to treat America fairly lately conferred on the PRESIDENT. This claim on the part of the United States Government to compel foreign nations to accept the decisions of its officials without question is not less outrageous than the parallel claim to exercise proprietary rights over the open sea. If we are to suppose that such demands are to be enforced to the full, Europe would necessarily have to look forward to a state of war with the United States in the immediate future. Experience fortunately shows that bombast of this kind is directed less to the neighbours than to the voters of the Union. The laws which have been passed to enable the PRESIDENT to apply pressure to foreign Powers were designed to reconcile the farmers to the increased protection given to manufacturers by favouring the export of food. But things have not gone as it was hoped they would. In consequence, then, of the recent notorious disappointment, it was much the interest of the PRESIDENT to remind the Southern and Western farmer that something effectual is proposed to be done for him also. Hence this threat to the foreigner who will not trust Americans not to inflict upon him trichinosis and pleuro-pneumonia. The large portion of his Message which Mr. HARRISON devotes to the MCKINLEY Bill and its kindred measures justifies the prevision of those who declined to believe that the Democratic victory would be followed by a speedy and unopposed reversal of the policy pursued by means of them. The PRESIDENT and the Republican leaders have resolved—wisely, perhaps, and certainly not unmanfully—to refuse to confess themselves beaten so long as they can go on fighting. Mr. HARRISON boldly congratulates "Congress and the country upon the passage, during last session, of an unusual number of important laws calculated to quicken and enlarge our manufactures," and "to increase our markets for bread-stuffs and provisions at home and abroad; to give more constant employment and better wages to labourers," and to do many other good things. He meets the ugly fact that these measures have as yet only produced a rise in the price of nearly all kinds of goods, unaccompanied by any increase of wages, or any sign that employment will be more constant, by confession and avoidance. He does not deny the rise, but does refuse to acknowledge that it was due to the MCKINLEY Bill. Mr. HARRISON finds a sufficient explanation in a "general upward tendency," largely due to the Silver Bill, and in the over-haste of middlemen to make the most of a chance. Articles not touched by the tariff have advanced as much as others, and this, he argues, proves the MCKINLEY Bill to be innocent of the offence of causing the increase. The criticism is ingenious, and, to some extent, just; but Mr. HARRISON will find it difficult to persuade the Democrats that the Bill did not materially reinforce the upward tendency. His opponents may also go on to ask what they gain by an upward tendency of which the advantages seem likely to be monopolized by manufacturers and middlemen. The Silver Bill itself has been a distinct disappointment, for there has been a fall, and not a rise, in the price of the metal. It is good policy in Mr. HARRISON to insist that the rise in prices may not be permanent, and to make the most of the disturbing effect which further tampering with the tariff might have on the market. But he and his party are in this trying position, that, if prices do fall, the manufacturers will have gained nothing by the Bill, and if they remain high, it will still be the interest of the consumer to readjust the tariff.

The courage of the Republicans is still so little abated that they have not even given up the Force Bill. As the PRESIDENT acutely remarks, the name is invidious, since every law must have the support of force, and one not more than another. The observation is judicious, but it will take more than reminders of the undoubted truth that every law must have a sanction, to reconcile the South to a measure which, though it professed to be of universal application, was unquestionably intended to deprive the whites, who are all Democrats, of their control over the negro vote, which is commonly Republican. Whether local authorities ought or ought not to have all control over "the certification which establishes a *prima facie* right to a seat in Congress," it is a fact that, if this control is lost in the South, the local administration would soon be at the mercy of the negroes, and the white adventurers from the North who make use of them. The experience of the "Reconstruction Era" has taught the Southern States what this means, and they will not be easily forced to endure it again. They will certainly have the sympathy of nearly all the North in their resistance to a most odious form of tyranny. It is

not obvious what advantage the Republicans hope to obtain from adhering now to a measure which was meant to serve mere party interests. They will only make the South more solidly democratic than ever, and they cannot hope to profit by the very various feelings which supported the Abolitionist movement. The truth probably is that the Republicans cannot afford to alienate any section of their diminished supporters—not even the followers of Mr. CABOT LOCH, the author of the Force Bill. They must needs struggle on with what they can keep together of their old following, on the old lines.

STILL IN THE DARK.

WE have not waited long for the inevitable results of "General" Booth's hasty announcement at the Exeter Hall Meeting. The moment it became clear that the working of the big scheme was to be entrusted solely to the Salvation Army, with Mr. Booth as sole and self-appointed trustee, it became clear also that the big scheme was, after all, an ingenious design to raise the wind for the Salvation Army. Naturally, therefore, public attention is now directed, as we anticipated it would be from the first, to the claims of the Salvation Army upon the confidence of the charitable and the religious. As Mr. Booth's cumbrous scheme is to be carried out by the Army, according to "the custom of the Army," it is only reasonable that the spirit of inquiry should be roused. And there are very wholesome signs of the awakening. Mr. C. S. LOCH, the Secretary to the Charity Organization Society, has put forth a patient, temperate, and entirely notable letter on the promises and the performances of the Salvation Army. Professor HUXLEY's vigorous letter, setting forth his reasons for declining to invest in Mr. Booth's hands a large sum of money placed at his disposal by a friend, is nothing less than a trumpet blast that will clear the air of the confusing vapours engendered by ignorant and gushing sentimentalists. Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES has lifted up his voice again from his old impregnable position, and again is left unanswered, though, perhaps, not unsatisfied. For Mr. Booth's deaf ear and Mr. LLEWELLYN's plain questions can only be accounted for on one supposition. The questions are contrary to the rule of the Army. Mr. Booth, in fact, is the Army. The delay in accepting Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's offer of Drury Lane as a theatre of demonstration must be set down to the conditions attached to the offer. As Mr. Booth is determined to ignore the rule of this world and to be his own trustee, Mr. HARRIS's conditions are contrary to the custom of the "General" and not to be entertained one moment. Mr. Booth would not only exact implicit obedience to his rule from all enrolled under his discipline, but is equally bent upon establishing the same unquestioning docility in the minds of his subscribers. This policy does not commend itself to Mr. HUXLEY. He foresees that, if successful, it can only develop into a deadening and demoralizing influence. His historical parallels and deductions are interesting and characteristic; yet his insight and sagacity are more admirably displayed in his conclusion to take his stand by the side of Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES. The future of the Salvation Army is very much less important than its past. What evidence is there that the work of the Army justifies the unfaltering confidence of everybody that Mr. Booth claims? Apart from eccentric show, noise, and buffoonery, we know of nothing in the methods of Salvationists that entitles the Army to take precedence of all other philanthropic institutions. It is easy to talk about "chaotic charity," and contrast the shilling's worth of harm with the sixpennyworth of good; but we have no guarantee whatever of Mr. Booth's ability to satisfy subscribers with a shilling's worth of good for every shilling invested. Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES has denied the boasted success of the Salvation Army, and the philanthropy, competency, and fairness of Mr. DAVIES are, as Mr. HUXLEY justly observes, beyond question.

Mr. HUXLEY's request for more light upon the subject has met with no response at present. His resolution in favour of non-subscription must, on the other hand, have been considerably strengthened by Mr. LOCH's critical review of the situation, while it is certain there is nothing in arrest of his judgment to be discovered in the letter addressed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to "the Reverend WILLIAM BOOTH." We venture to doubt if this epistle can be paralleled in archiepiscopal annals. It irresistibly suggests that the writer was skating on exceed-

ingly thin ice. Perhaps this impression is due to the ARCHBISHOP's recollections of former associations with the reverend "General" and his staff, when prosecuting certain moral investigations. Yet, with all its timidity and tenderness of tone, it contains one broad and surprising deviation into sense. "Our experience," writes the ARCHBISHOP, "does not convince me that the characteristic modes of 'the Salvation Army are capable of producing lasting moral effects in a whole class or district." This is excellent, indeed, though it is too much nullified by the rest of the letter. What the characteristic modes are is matter of notoriety. The Vicar of Harwich quotes, in an admirable letter on the subject, a specimen of those modes; and anything more characteristic, in its buffoonery and vulgarity, could scarcely be imagined. If, however, the ARCHBISHOP's experience is such as he describes, it supplies the most cogent argument against entrusting Mr. Booth with the unexampled sinews of war with which he desires to equip his forces. Yet, in the scorn of logic, the ARCHBISHOP proceeds to bless the "General," by pleading for the co-ordination of his labours with those whose efforts are stigmatized as "chaotic" by Mr. Booth. Does the ARCHBISHOP, does any rational person, believe that the "General" will give over his characteristic modes, and fall in with Mr. LOCH's sensible suggestions? To do this were equivalent to effacing himself and disbanding the Army; and with this self-denying ordinance it would be utterly unreasonable to expect Mr. Booth to comply.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

WE question whether, of all the lately multiplying proofs of the shameless factiousness and cynical indifference to the real interests of Ireland which have disgraced the GLADSTONE-PARNELL combination, now happily broken up, there has been any to compare in cogency with the recent votes of the Irish party on the various divisions on the Land Purchase Bill. In rising the other night to support the amendment of Mr. JOHN ELLIS (the Mr. ELLIS who keeps a proscriptory list of Irish resident magistrates), Mr. GLADSTONE repeated a remark made by him last year to the effect that the Government "would commit a great mistake if it passed a large measure of land purchase for Ireland," in opposition to what he politely called "the decided convictions" of the Irish members; and went on to say that, though last year these convictions were undoubtedly hostile to the kind of measure then introduced, we have "in the peculiar circumstances of the present moment" no information from them on that point. Mr. GLADSTONE does injustice, we think, to his own power of appropriating and assimilating information. It happens that one among "the peculiar circumstances of the present moment," and far from the least peculiar of them, has been Mr. PARNELL's disclosure of the fact that the Gladstonian place-hunter can be more callously regardless of the needs of Ireland than even an Irish agitator, and that whereas Mr. PARNELL hesitated to intercept the boon offered to the Irish tenant by the Government, his English allies had no scruples of their own on the point, and succeeded in overruling his. Another peculiar circumstance conveying "information" as to the present views of Irish members is that as soon as the Gladstonian constraint upon him had been removed by the rupture of the alliance, Mr. PARNELL took some thirty of his colleagues into the lobby with him to support the Government on the motion for leave to introduce the Bill. And a last and most peculiar circumstance of all which has arisen from Mr. GLADSTONE's speech is that, on the motion for the second reading, Ministers had the support of the entire Irish party.

The significance of this last event is fully appreciable only by those who reflect on the present plight of the party in question. It has split up into two bitterly hostile sections, each loudly proclaiming themselves the only genuine representatives of the will of Ireland; but while one of these groups is as confident that Mr. PARNELL's countrymen have disowned him as the other is assured that they uphold him, they agree with a quite wonderful unanimity in thinking that their leader, whether they repudiate or support him, gives expression to the wishes of Ireland in supporting the Land Purchase Bill. Not even the most ambitious SEXTON or mutinous HEALY of them all has dared to record a vote against the measure, or even—on the last division—to absent himself from the Lobby. They acknowledge, one and all, that the scheme embodied in

to the
with the
certain
tender-
devotion
bishes,
odes of
moral
ent, in
letter.
on the
g more
scarcely
ience is
gument
sinews.
Yet, in
ess the
labours
tional
charac-
sugge-
self and
inance
Boon

agerly and shrewdly desired by all that class of Irishmen whom they endeavoured last year to represent as either duped by it or disdainful of it, and that, at such a crisis as this, it may, in a very literal sense, be "more than their places are worth" to stand in its way. Their vote in favour of Mr. ELLIS's long and argumentative amendment was, of course, nothing more than a mere formal registration of their assent to the string of "anti-coercionist" propositions contained in its preamble; and as soon as this academic formula had been duly negatived, they showed their perception of the real merits of the Bill by coming over in a body to swell the Ministerial majority from 70 to 138. We do not believe that they were under any illusion last year as to the wishes of the Irish tenantry, or that they needed or have since then received any additional enlightenment on the question. The truth of the matter, so far as we can learn, is simply this—that the facilities for the acquisition of freehold, never otherwise than welcome and attractive to the Irish tenantry, have been caught at late by them with increasing avidity; that transactions of land purchase have multiplied and continue multiplying; and that a clear idea of the vast extension which the Ministerial measure will give to the system has got itself thoroughly fixed in the Irish agricultural mind. This may or may not be for the best; on that point opinions still differ as much as ever; but the now complete demonstration of the popular feeling on the subject is, from the point of view of the immediate political situation, the important fact.

THE BUSINESS OF THE SESSION.

IF anybody in the exercise of the "liberty of prophesying" had ventured a fortnight ago to predict the condition of public business at the end of the first week in December, his vaticinations would have been received with mingled pity and derision. We doubt, indeed, whether any, even of those who foresaw the probability of party and "domestic difficulties" arising among the Opposition by reason of the inconsiderate proceedings of Mr. Justice BURR, can have formed anything approaching an adequate conception of their results. In all likelihood, their utmost hopes were bounded by the vision of a Gladstonian and Parnellite party, ill at ease with themselves and each other, depressed and dispirited by recent events, and compelled to limit their fighting to the barest minimum consistent with due respect for the maxim that "it is the business of an Opposition to oppose." No one ever imagined for a moment that things could come to such a pass as to render it impossible to render to this maxim any show of homage whatsoever, and that the "business" of one wing of the Opposition would prove to be to fight desperately among themselves in a Committee-room, and of the other to collect in the lobby, awaiting breathlessly the result of the struggle. No one ever supposed that the "Privy Councillors' Bench" on the Speaker's left would be emptied night after night of its perplexed and discomfited occupants, elsewhere taking comfortless counsel with each other under the "heavy blow and sore discouragement" which has fallen upon their party and their hopes; or that the back benches below the gangway would themselves be absolutely tenantless for nights together; or that the front bench in that quarter of the House should be occupied by a LABOUCHERE in whom, not only the power of obstruction, but the mere propensity for mischief, seems to have become extinct.

Let us for a moment review the surprising distance which Parliament has traversed in this incredibly short space of time, and the far-stretching file of legislative milestones which it has left behind it. The House of Commons met on Tuesday, November 25, and voted the Address before they adjourned for the night. By the end of the week the Government had not only carried their motion—often an obstinately resisted one—to "take the whole time of the House," but all the three measures which were given a front place in the Ministerial programme had been brought in and read a first time. On Monday last the Tithes Bill passed its second reading, after one night's debate. On Tuesday night Mr. BALFOUR moved the second reading of the Irish Land Purchase, and this motion, after one adjournment of the debate, was carried at the morning sitting of the following day. On Thursday the CHIEF SECRETARY got leave to introduce the Seed Potatoes Bill, and obtained a vote of the Supplementary Estimate of 5,000*l.* for the relief of distress in Ireland; after which Mr. STEVENSON'S

instruction to the Committee on the Tithe Bill was discussed and disposed of, and the measure definitely entered upon the Committee stage. Similar progress was expected to be made last night with the Land Purchase Bill, and when the SPEAKER has been moved out of the Chair as regards that measure, the Government will actually have exhausted all that part of their Sessional programme which they defined as urgent on the night when Parliament met. And all this within the space of eight working Parliamentary days! It is a "record-breaking" performance, and indeed it breaks records which date from a time when the normal "pace" was a good deal better than in this day of Parliamentary "obstacle races." People are already talking of an immediate adjournment for the Christmas vacation, and, having regard to the painful position in which the GLADSTONE-PARNELL party are placed, and their pressing need for consultation with their English and Irish constituents, it would be needless cruelty to keep them longer at Westminster. The sooner we are able to wish both wings of the Separatist party "a merry Christmas," reminding them at the same time that Yule-tide is emphatically the season, we will not say of "union"—since that might arouse painful memories—but of reconciliation, the better we shall be pleased.

COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS.

IT is not generally known that, among the Simonidean codices which the late Mr. Coxe did not buy for the Bodleian, there was a fragment purporting to be from the lost work of the traveller Pytheas. We have been favoured with a free translation of it, which runs thus:—"Concerning the religious affairs of those islanders I heard many strange things. And in particular one of their priests told me that the god of the Hyperboreans is called Andrew, but that he is also singularly worshipped in one city in the southern part of the great island. This is done only in that one city, and on one day—namely, the last day of the month before the winter solstice; and the ceremonies are on this wise. There is a certain wall built of baked bricks, and a sacred enclosure, which however is not covered in, is made by drawing a line in the direction of the wall, and not many feet from it. And at either end a shrine is marked out by certain chalk marks of unknown origin, in which shrines the most mysterious portion of the rites takes place. And on the day I have mentioned, twenty-two young men, chosen from the best of the citizens, place themselves against this wall, clad in parti-coloured garments, which express the solemnity of the occasion by tokens understood among the initiated. And certain of the elder priests, who have themselves formerly accomplished the rites, place a leather ball in the midst of them with great care and reverence. And the young men, being disposed in two equal bands, and each clad in colours of its own, struggle against the wall in the sight of the elders of the city, and of many pilgrims who have journeyed thither for the purpose, each party striving to take the ball by pushing and kicking into the shrine at the opposite end of the wall. Now of these shrines, one is called Good Calx and the other Bad Calx; but as everything necessary to the worship of the god must be in some way good, and especially since in Bad Calx there is, as I was told, an exceedingly sacred tree, I suppose that in these names there is a mystery which is not disclosed to strangers.

"When the ball is in Calx, there takes place a rite of high solemnity, of which that priest gave me some account; but it appears that even those who are present and see it do not understand it, unless they have been trained to it in their youth. The ball being inserted among the worshippers with special reverence by some of the more ancient priests, one of the young men, suitably chosen for strength and piety, does his best (for it is part of the god's rites that the other party must hinder him if they can) to elevate this ball against the wall with his foot and his hand touching it at the same time. And if he succeeds in this enterprise, he calls out in the Hyperborean tongue, *yora*. Now the priest told me the meaning of this word; but out of respect for the god I do not think fit to reveal it. After this there takes place a still more solemn rite of throwing the ball, as the case may be, at the sacred aforesaid, or at a sacred door at the other end of the wall; but for the greater honour of the god this is purposely made so difficult that it is but seldom fully accomplished. Neither are the spectators idle, for they shout continually during the rites. These things I tell as they were reported to me, not knowing whether they be all credible. But I cannot believe that any one could have imagined such ceremonies if they did not really take place, and it was evident to me that the priest spoke the truth when he ascribed them to religious devotion. For manifestly nothing but great zeal for the gods of their city would induce well-born young men to take part in rites so strange and so laborious. And I thought it not amiss to relate the story somewhat minutely, considering that, although these barbarians are in every way far behind us Greeks in arts and letters, yet in their athletic exercises and in their forms of religion there may be points which even in Greece a wise man shall find worthy of re-

gard." We have tacitly made the best general sense we could of the obscure and apparently corrupt phrases which are frequent (whether by accident or design) in the Simonidean MS. If only the fragment came out of a better custody, there are reasons which would make one like to think it genuine. Not that Etonians have need of Pytheas or anybody else to convince them that the Wall Game is of immemorial antiquity. Modern destructive criticism may, perhaps, make it probable that the Wall was built in historical times. But it cannot touch the Idea of the Wall, or disprove the cherished belief that in the unconscious operation of that Idea on the mind of King Henry VI. lies the true secret of the foundation of Eton College.

No saint, at all events, is honoured in these northern lands with more select and mysterious rites than St. Andrew on his day at Eton, or the vigil when, as this year, the day falls on a Sunday. The understanding of British institutions is the despair of foreigners; English public schools and their constitution are the despair of Englishmen who are not public schoolmen; and the Wall Game at Eton is the despair of public schoolmen who are not Etonians. It has been explained in these columns by one well practised with the football and the pen, and beyond the knowledge that it was his to impart shall no man go. We may now record that last Saturday's match of Collegers and Oppidans was as pretty and well-contested a match as one shall see, though it ended without anything being scored. The elevens were as nearly equal as possible, the Oppidans having some advantage in weight of metal, which was fairly balanced by the Collegers' greater experience of the game. For the first half-hour there was nothing decisive, though Collegers seemed to have slightly the upper hand, mainly by reason of their skilful handling of the ball when it came out of the bally. The second half-hour began with signs of hope for Oppidans and fear for Collegers that superior weight would tell before the end of the game. But the Collegers rallied, and more than rallied, and the spectators were at last rewarded with ten minutes of exciting adventure. A brilliant kick of Lubbock, the College flying-man (when could an Eton match in winter or summer fields be without a Lubbock?) sent the ball into Oppidan calx; and it was good calx. Great, then, were the expectations of a shy among Collegers past and present. But that shy was not got. Nay, more, as the ball slipped out of the bally in calx, Cadogan, the Oppidan flying-man, and a worthy rival to Lubbock, was ware of it. With a kick of excellent strength and direction, he sent the ball far along the wall. And behold the too confident Collegers had neglected to secure their rear, and with a swift run down the wall was past them all—yes, and even past their calx. And now the Oppidans, having thus snatched advantage out of defeat, would have in turn tried their fortune for a shy. But time was up, and the end of the match was an honourable draw. Then did the spectators disperse, and the boys whose parents and uncles had come to see the match and got leave for them were carried off up town, and there was *pernis pestis* and *callo calamitas* in the inns of Eton and Windsor.

Nature is perhaps at her worst in the Thames valley about St. Andrew's day. It is pretty sure to be cold, more likely than not to be damp and misty. Frost, with a suspicion of coming thaw, was the condition of earth and air last week, a condition which combines all inclemencies. No stranger should be introduced for the first time to Eton or Oxford in such weather; and the same is in some measure true of Cambridge. But there is a compensation in the domestic charm of school and college gatherings in winter-time. At such a meeting as Collegers and Oppidans there is no thought of showing off to the public at large. Old school-fellows meet on their own ground, and the old esoteric jokes and catchwords, things mysterious or frivolous to outsiders, are in their right place. On the Fourth of June Eton gives herself to the world; on St. Andrew's day she reserves herself for Etonians.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE present exhibition of the Royal Society attains a high level of respectable mediocrity. There are few figure pieces, but the landscapes are numerous, and, on the whole, are good. Mr. Charles Robertson's twelve drawings form an important section of the gathering. He has both town pieces with figures introduced into them and landscapes pure and simple. Of the former, the best, perhaps, is the "Story-teller, Damascus," which depicts an open place in an Eastern city, with a verandah surrounding it; under which many cross-legged Arabs sit in a semi-circle, and give keen attention to a man who stands in the centre and who relates to them, with much earnestness of manner, the last new story or the latest bit of scandal. Above rises a minaret, round which doves flutter and coo. Mr. Robertson seems to us to be least successful in his "Ghazeyeh, Egypt" (52), where a dancing girl pirouettes and sways her body to and fro for the entertainment of a grand seigneur, who, with hookah in mouth, reclines on a divan and dreamily gazes at the performance. The legs of the girl are not well modelled; her narrow skirt might, for all appearance to the contrary, be wrapped round blocks of marble or wood. But the most original and, perhaps for that reason, the most striking of Mr. Robertson's foreign drawings is that of "The Housetops, Damascus" (337). Here is seen a very city of roofs gleam-

ing white in the intense light, while a welcome touch of green, in the shape of a tower, relieves the monotone. By Mr. Holman Hunt is a laboriously detailed illustration to an early English poem (303). This drawing is made in white chalk on a buff ground, and is most elaborately carried out; it represents a heavy-faced woman with sad eyes carrying a jewelled brazier, and herself much begemmmed. The two rainbows over her head, and the busy plain below and beyond her, all seem pregnant with a somewhat pedantic symbolism.

Mr. Herbert M. Marshall presents many very charming studies in red roofs, shrouded in the mist and smoke of Whitby—that favoured haunt of artists. Mr. Alfred Hunt exhibits some charming dreamy and mysterious bits of coast and river; "Reefs at Low Tide" (70) is a characteristic example of this painter's style; Mr. Hunt casts a quiet spell over this dreary coast.

Mr. Arthur Melville's "The Cañon of Ronda" (67) is like an illustration to a fairy story; it seems an enchanted valley, so steep are its sides, and so fiercely red is the light which shines on one side of it, while we feel sure that the spindly cypresses are nothing else than human beings turned into timber. Another drawing that has equally a charmed look is Mr. Walter Crane's "Town Gate of Church, Prachatic" (274), in which one quaint building with an unknown animal on it vies with another on whose front a rearing charger, in mosaic, rides fiercely. The other four views of places by Mr. Crane are spoilt by the foliage of trees being left in a completely unfinished condition.

Mr. Albert Goodwin gives us a lovely and very original rendering of the "Ponte Vecchio, Florence" (243). Miss Clara Montalba seems to have happily abandoned her rougher impressionist vein, and to have returned to her earlier and more finished style, in some charming bits of Venice. In Mr. Henry Moore's "A Rough Day" (326), the rocking motion of the waves is rendered with his usual skill. Mr. Tom Lloyd's "First Breath of Autumn" (13) is lovely in colour, and is carried far in detail and finish; but the irregular lines of the composition do not seem very fortunate. Mr. Allingham's gentle country-scenes are always welcome. Nor would the exhibition be complete without some of Mr. Marks's popular studies of birds, here represented by white cockatoos of splendid presence. Mr. Glindoni exhibits several character and costume drawings; Mr. Brewtnell some pretty heads of girls, in pastel; and Mr. Arthur Hopkins his usual unreal and rather crudely-coloured groups of figures.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from 6 to 5 per cent. During the preceding fortnight the fall in the value of money had been so rapid and so excessive, that apparently they have been carried away by the current. For four days after the difficulties of Messrs. Baring Brothers became known, the joint-stock and private banks not only ceased lending and discounting, but they called in immense amounts of money they had previously lent, with the result that almost all business went to the Bank of England, and that institution charged from 7 to 8 per cent. for discounts, and 8 per cent. for loans. Apprehension in consequence became so great that the Governor of the Bank of England had to interfere. Then the joint-stock and private banks rushed from one extreme to another. They competed actively with one another for loans and discounts. The great foreign banks did the same, and the consequence is that in a fortnight the rate of discount in the open market fell to less than 4 per cent. Indeed the Treasury Bills on Monday were taken at a rate as low as 3*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* per cent. Some decline in rates was to be expected, and indeed was highly desirable. Had the joint-stock and private banks persisted in calling in loans and refusing to discount, they would have provoked a panic. The Governor of the Bank of England, therefore, did good service in remonstrating with them, and in inducing them to change their tactics. But they have made almost as great a mistake since as they did before in competing too eagerly for bills. They argue that the crisis is now past, and, therefore, the need for keeping large cash reserves; and they point out that gold is coming from abroad in such immense amounts that money must be abundant and cheap for a long time to come—that consequently it is not merely safe, but proper, to give trade the benefit of low rates. It is undoubtedly true that immense sums of gold are coming from abroad. In the three weeks ended Wednesday night, the Bank of England received about 5*l.* millions sterling, and over another million is on the way to this country. But, in spite of that, if the value of money remains as it is at present, or falls further, there will be difficulty before long.

The banks, the discount-houses, and the bill-brokers forget, or do not think it worth while to bear in mind, that most of the gold which has been received by the Bank of England during the past few weeks did not come here naturally, but was borrowed by the Bank from France and Russia, and that, therefore, it will have to be repaid before many months. It is true, no doubt, that the loans can be renewed if everything goes smooth; but it is possible that difficulties may arise abroad, and that, in consequence, renewal may not be convenient. The crops in Russia for the past two years have not been good, and the Finance Minister is apprehensive that the finances may suffer seriously. It is possible, then, that he may be compelled to transfer from London to

Paris to pay the interest on the Russian debt the greater part, if not the whole, of the money due to him. And if there were to be a crisis in Berlin, or if the difficulties of Portugal and Spain were to become more serious than they already are, the Bank of France, also, might have to call upon the Bank of England for repayment of its loan. Further, it is to be borne in mind that a great French funding loan for about 35 millions sterling is to be brought out in the spring; and, even if the Bank of France does not take the gold to make that loan a success, the other great French banks may withdraw large sums from London in order to apply for it. In any case, whether the gold has to be repaid in February or three months later, it will have to be repaid some time; and it will be unfortunate, therefore, if the coin and bullion held by the Bank of England are seriously reduced before the time for payment arrives. And that they will be reduced if rates remain low in London, is only too probable. Already it is profitable to take gold from London to Berlin, and it is expected that most of the metal which will arrive now will in fact be bought in the open market, and shipped to Hamburg. That there will also be an American demand is at present highly likely. The New York money market is exceedingly stringent, and threatens to become even more so as the month advances. About the middle of December there is always more or less of difficulty in the New York market, partly because there is then a withdrawal of funds from New York to the South for moving the cotton crop, and partly to make preparation for the immense sums that have to be paid in interest and dividends on New Year's Day. The Associated Banks are this year exceptionally bare of supplies. When the demands come upon them next week or the week after, they may be compelled to cease lending and discounting altogether. And rates may rise so high that it will be necessary to obtain gold in London to prevent a serious crisis. These are the most serious dangers; but of course there will also be the usual miscellaneous demands which spring up whenever money is abundant and cheap in London, and in this way the drain may become so great as seriously to alarm the market. If we were in ordinary times, a considerable drain would not matter much, considering how strong the Bank of England is. But everybody knows that the times are not ordinary. Credit has received a shock from which it will not speedily recover, and if gold shipments set in upon a large scale, the alarmist rumours that were so rife lately may be revived. It is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the lock-up of capital is still very great, and that several important firms have suffered heavy losses. There is good reason for believing that, in spite of the lock-up and in spite of their losses, they are solvent; but, as we lately said, whenever the market is alarmed, it refuses to give heed to such assurances, and is excited by every unfavourable rumour that circulates. It is unfortunate, then, that rates in the outside market have been allowed to fall so rapidly and so much. It is difficult, no doubt, for the Bank of England to act. It already has an immense reserve of unemployed money, and it is increasing. The Directors naturally are unwilling to artificially add to their unemployed funds, and for a while they were justified in hoping that the banks and discount-houses would be reasonable enough to see that these are not times for imprudent competition. But they must recognize now that the banks and the discount-houses will not take warning, that each one is so eager to retain business that it thinks only of what is to its immediate interest. It seems incumbent, then, upon the Bank of England to interfere once more. It ought to borrow enough to obtain control of the market; and, if it does so, it will soon recoup itself for the expense. The surplus supply in the market is large, unquestionably, and the Directors may feel that it is impossible for them to recover control. If that be so, then rates will fall further until gold shipments begin, and then indisputably we shall have fresh alarm. Perhaps it would not be necessary to incur the trouble and expense of getting control of the market by means of large borrowing if the Governor of the Bank were to put himself in communication with the principal joint-stock and private banks. A fortnight ago his remonstrances availed to prevent unwise restriction of advances; now, if he were to point out the dangers of what is happening, he might induce the leading banks to co-operate with him in maintaining rates.

The price of silver rose on Monday to 48½d. per ounce, but fell next day to 48½d. per ounce, because of the disappointment of the market at the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury sent to Congress with the President's Message. Mr. Windom states that from 8 to 10 million ounces of silver have accumulated in the United States—that is, about two months' purchases by the Treasury. He points out that if the Treasury were to buy up this quantity the metal would be imported in large quantities, and a fresh accumulation would thus take place. And he gives it as his opinion that some time must elapse before the surplus will be worked off. From this it would seem improbable that there can be much recovery in price, and there was a further fall on Thursday to 47½d. per ounce. At the same time the Secretary of the Treasury approves of the new Act, saying that it is a great improvement on the Bland Act. But he regrets that the purchases by the Treasury were not limited to the output in the United States. The market naturally has been disappointed by the Report. A number of Bills for making the coinage of the metal free have been introduced in both Houses, and it is said that there is much probability of free coinage being adopted. Whether it will be vetoed by the President remains to be seen, for the President and Mr. Windom both deprecate fresh legislation, pleading that the

new Act ought to be given time to work. Meanwhile, the opinion expressed by Mr. Windom that after a while consumption outside of the United States will so increase as to absorb the accumulation of the metal does not seem very probable. Doubtless there will be an increase in the imports into India during the next three or four months, for always the first three months of the year are the most active in the export trade from India. The value of money in consequence rises very greatly, and there is a demand for increased bullion. But, except in India, during the next few months there does not seem much probability of increased consumption. A falling-off in the consumption is, indeed, much more likely, and at the same time the production is augmenting rapidly.

The unwise and rapid rise on the Stock Exchange which we noted last week continued up to Friday afternoon. On Saturday and Monday there was a pause, and on Tuesday all American prices gave way. There was recovery on Wednesday, but the speculation is hardly likely to be renewed on a considerable scale. Money is for the moment cheap and abundant, but it is possible now to ship gold both to New York and to Hamburg without loss, and the probability is that considerable shipments will take place. If they do rates will rise rapidly, and it is quite possible that even before the end of the year the market may become stringent. In New York there is already considerable stringency, and it is almost sure to increase before Christmas. There is a strong demand for coin and notes to move the cotton crop. There is much distrust all over the Union because of the reckless speculation in houses, lands, industrial securities, and the like, and there is a good deal of hoarding of money in consequence by the banks of the interior. Lastly, in spite of Mr. Windom's plea to the contrary, the Treasury is a disturbing influence. Therefore, the stringency is likely to increase, and, over and above all this, failures continue to be reported all over the Union. In Germany there is a slow liquidation going on, and the Paris Bourse is alone really active and confident. Hitherto it has been able to keep up the prices of international securities, but Paris is affected to some extent by the collapse in the Argentine Republic, and it is still more affected by the financial distress of Portugal and Spain. It is said that the apprehended crisis in Portugal is averted for the time being. A group of Continental banks are alleged to have agreed to advance 6½ millions sterling, which will enable the Government to repay Messrs. Baring Brothers, and also to defray the January interest on its debt, and to meet other obligations falling due soon. But Portuguese credit has almost gone, and it will not be able to continue paying the interest on its debt if it has to stop borrowing. More serious than all is the continued crisis in the Argentine Republic. Political troubles are again threatening, the Government has lost public confidence, the Minister for War is particularly obnoxious, and a fresh outbreak is therefore possible at any moment. It seems incredible, therefore, that the reckless speculation of the past fortnight can be carried much further.

The French and German members of the Argentine Committee were unable to agree with their English colleagues. Only one French and one German were appointed, while there were altogether six English members. The two foreign members proposed that a loan should be made to the Argentine Government to pay the interest on its debt for two years, and that it should be secured on the Customs revenue. The English members declined, and the two foreign members therefore withdrew on Tuesday last. On Wednesday the English members arrived at a decision which has been communicated to the Governor of the Bank of England. It is to fund the interest and guarantees of all kinds for which the Argentine Government is liable for the next three years—that is to say, the Committee says that the Argentine Republic is bankrupt, and it proposes to relieve it from the necessity of paying cash for three years to come. In the interval it is hoped that the crisis will come to an end, that the depreciated paper will rise in value, that the revenue will increase and the expenditure decline, and that then a definitive arrangement can be made. The bonds to be given in lieu of interest and guarantees are to be secured on the Customs revenue, ranking immediately after the 1886 loan. The Committee does not deal with the provincial and municipal debts, nor with the provincial Cédulas. It is said that a proposal regarding the Cédulas will be made in a day or two, and it is understood that negotiations are going on between the National and Provincial Governments with regard to the provincial debts. The proposal of the Committee is perhaps the best possible under the circumstances, but it hardly warrants the congratulations with which it has been received by the Stock Exchange. Practically the Committee declared themselves unable to say at present what the Argentine Republic can pay, and they put off, probably until after the elections a year and a half hence, the determination of the matter. In the meantime the funding of interest and guarantees will increase the debt by about 12 millions sterling, and as the new bonds are to bear 6 per cent. interest, a further annual charge of 720,000l. a year will be saddled on the Argentine Republic, and will rank before that for the existing debts and guarantees, except the loan of 1886. While, therefore, the bondholders are insured for three years' paper that will be worth something, their bonds at the same time are to rank after new bonds involving an annual charge of 720,000l. a year.

DRAWINGS BY HOKUSAI.

A VERY remarkable collection of works by the most eminent Japanese artist of the eighteenth century, Hokusai, the master of the Ukiyo-yé Rin School, is now on view in the rooms of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street. Of few Japanese artists do we Europeans form any distinct personal impression, but we have portraits of Hokusai, fragments of autobiography, a clearly defined record. He was born at Yedo in 1760, and he died very old and full of honours, but working to the last, in 1849. He called himself, in 1835, "the old man mad about drawing," and expressed the hope that he might pass the limit of a hundred years, still advancing in technical skill and knowledge of nature. In the present collection we seem brought close to this marvellous mind and eye; he becomes real to us, and not the least, perhaps, because his well-worn drawing-board is here, of seasoned wood, its edges worn and smooth with the constant passage of those admirable fingers.

The collection is a very rich one. It not merely contains more than two hundred original drawings and proof-engravings, but in glass cases are copies of two of the great publications which Hokusai illustrated, *The Hundred Views of Fuji* and *The Thirty-six Famous Poetesses*. Other less important books are here also, and portfolios containing a number of engravings which it has not been possible to place on the walls. In these illustrated books, at which we may glance before going round the walls, we note not merely the art of Hokusai himself, but the skill of the painters who could transfer to their pages drawing so exquisite and colour so brilliant. Among animal specimens we must mention a ruddy-brown fish with an eye of sapphire-blue, swimming in a silver bowl, and some peacocks, whose variegated tails, ranging from red to apple-green, resemble gems in the intensity of their hue.

Hokusai's strong artistic nature led him to see subjects for his brush in the simplest everyday things, objects which in themselves were of insignificant value, but which were beautiful either in colour or in the curves of line that they took; while in the case of animals and birds there was the added charm of expression and purpose to be felt and rendered in such a way that even a casual observer would be conscious of it as he turned over the leaves of one of these famous *Man-gwa* or sketch-books.

Of the sketches of natural objects there are so many that are both true and striking that it is difficult to know which to select, from the slight sketch of the "Cucumber Flower" (9), with its glaucous or saffron-yellow bloom, and of the long bean-pod (108), which is a perfect example of brush-power, to the busy pink-tailed rats (54) and the gamecock, with his deep blue breast (154), until, after passing heavy puffing toads and a night-jar pouring forth its discordant whirring notes to the moon—called in the Catalogue "A Flight of Birds before the New Moon" (72)—we come to the most striking of all the drawings of animals, to the study of "A Serpent Watching a Small Bird" (141). In this drawing a snake, green above and pink beneath, is gliding up a bamboo-stalk, on which is perched a foolish-looking little Java sparrow. The mode in which the double action of the reptile, the upper part of which climbs the bamboo, while the lower half is dragged along the ground, is suggested shows a wonderful skill in eye and hand.

The elaborateness of many of the drawings is apt to be confusing where no colour is employed; and, to a Western eye, the uniformity of the lines prevents one figure from standing out from another. The design numbered 122, and other similar studies, drawn in heavy lines of equal value, are difficult to understand in this state. But these designs, if carried out in bronze, or with the blank spaces filled in with colours as in a window, would at once become clear to the perception. The title "Drawing of a Lady and Horse" (147) is misleading; the little carved wooden horse's head, with a long scarf attached to it, by which the lady holds it, is surely only emblematical, and signifies that the woman is performing the dance of the horse, in the same way that, in another sketch, "A Daimio" (79) watches a young woman executing the cat dance. Indeed, such an example may be seen in "The Dance" (192), in which several ladies of quality are seated on the floor, shielded by a transparent screen from the strong draught which is causing the candles to gutter, and are looking on at an entertainment of dancing, where, among the group of figures in floating draperies which advances towards them, there is one dancer who holds aloft a similar small carved horse's head, with a long scarf floating from it, which she holds in her other hand.

Of the *Surimono*, or Japanese New Year's cards, there are many examples. The fashion which the Japanese encourage, of writing short poems for special occasions, and having them illustrated by the leading artists of the day, is a charming one. Of these *Surimono*, one, called "A Young Mother and her Child in the Country" (109), is exquisite in colour, and suggests the work of Fred Walker in its minute attention to detail. Some of the subjects of these designs are simply *genre*, as in "A Cup containing Asparagus" (112), which, although slight, is very delicate in colour. Many more of them are domestic, representing a young girl at her toilet, or out walking, or in the snow, or cutting grass, or they are studies of two girls gathering pine branches, or masquerading with guitar and lantern. Children are everywhere, at the panorama, on their mothers'

backs, with dolls, and with puppies. The country scenes show such subjects as planting fir-trees; a maple-tree with leaves and butterflies; a saw-pit, with a great tree trunk in mid-air, being sawn in two at an acute angle; or of two "Salt-makers getting water from the sea" (83), in what look like wicker ladies—surely a slow process.

No exhibition of Japanese pictures would be complete without a few goblins, and so amongst these realistic sketches we find several portraits of blue and white spooks. The white bogie, however, is only a snow-man, while the little blue-faced "Demon squatting with his pipe and tobacco" (1) is too good-humoured in expression to frighten any sober person. But it is to the original hand-sketches that the spectator returns to admire again their pure colour and the skill and delicacy with which they are treated. The sketch of "A Cock and Hen" (13) in black and grey shades, relieved by red and white tones, and painted on a pale brown ground, surrounded by a dull red mount, is very complete. "The Tortoise" (5), with the convexity of its shell so truly suggested by the way in which the light catches the central ridge of its back, is excellent; while the fascinating "Tiger" (19), with his argumentative expression, is good; and "A Sculptor of Masks" (45) most pleasing, the man smiling in a friendly spirit of content at the faces of his own handicraft.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE curious and unaccountable apathy with which London amateurs persist in treating orchestral concerts in the winter season is apparently as marked this year as on previous occasions. Although several performances of more than usual interest have taken place during the past fortnight, yet on no occasion has anything like a large audience been attracted, and it is much to be feared that the pecuniary results to the energetic impresarios who meet with so little support can be anything but satisfactory. Mr. Henschel, who on the 20th ult. began a new series of Symphony Concerts, especially deserves better support; for he has now for some seasons attempted to supply a deficiency which had long been felt, by providing first-class orchestral concerts in the winter at moderate prices. The programme of his opening concert, without being at all sensational, was admirably selected. Symphonies by Mozart and Brahms occupied the most important place; but the chief interest in the concert lay in the revival of an Overture by C. P. E. Bach, and the performance of two of the Entrances from Beethoven's music to Goethe's *Egmont*. The Overture, though so styled by the composer, is more in the form of a short concerto. It consists of three movements, the first two of which are much the best, and show that the composer still retained something of the style of his great father, J. S. Bach, and was not altogether a follower of the "pig-tail" school to which almost all his contemporaries in Germany belonged. The last movement is more trivial, and less worthy of the great name the composer bore. The work was performed in its original form, a double-keyed harpsichord being employed to fill up the harmonies. The effect cannot have been altogether in accordance with the composer's intentions; for the modern orchestra is much more sonorous than that of Bach's time, and the feeble tinkle of the harpsichord was often scarcely audible. The instrument used was also not a very powerful one, and it possessed the drawback of not having stops, upon the proper use of which so much of the charm of tone of the harpsichord depends. The best performances of the evening were those of the beautiful *Egmont* Entrances, and of the Overture to Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. In the former, Mr. Henschel succeeded in getting some really delicate effects from his orchestra, while the latter was played with much vigour and fire. The performance of the two Symphonies was not so good, though, on the whole, the band seemed better than at the last series of these concerts.

On the following evening, Señor Albeniz, the Spanish pianist, gave his second Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall, when the programme comprised his own "Concerto Fantastique" for pianoforte and orchestra, two numbers from a suite of "Scènes Symphoniques Catalanes," a "Rhapsodie Cubaine" (all for orchestra), and several small pianoforte solos, besides the Orchestral Prelude to Señor Breton's opera "Gli Amanti di Terul," and a Scherzo and Trio and "Zapateado" from the same pen. The concerto was heard last summer at Señor Albeniz's Orchestral Concert at Steinway Hall, but it created a much more favourable impression when performed under Señor Breton's able conductorship. It is gracefully written and effective, but, like all the composer's music, shows that he is very eclectic in his style, and does not possess much individuality. The same remarks apply to the other compositions by him which were brought forward on the 21st; he is best as a writer of short pianoforte pieces, which are always graceful and refined, like the composer's own playing. Señor Albeniz was also heard in two short pieces by Scarlatti, in Tausig's disarrangement of Weber's "Invitation à la Danse," and in Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise" for pianoforte and orchestra. His playing of the last-named work was extremely delicate; in the pieces by Scarlatti he hurried the *tempo* so much that the effect was indistinct and uncertain. The new compositions by Señor Breton which were brought forward at this concert were less ambitious in character than the Symphony played at Señor Albeniz's first

concert, and there was accordingly less fault to be found with them. Neither the operatic Prelude nor the Scherzo and Trio is very original in character; both show distinct signs of French influence; but they are well written, and though the orchestration is rather heavy, they cannot be said to be ineffective. Much better than these was a dramatic Overture by Mr. Arthur Hervey, which opened the concert. The composer has been hitherto chiefly known as a writer of graceful songs, but this very promising composition shows that he is capable of more ambitious work. The Overture is constructed entirely upon three themes, but it is worked up with considerable power and effect, and scored with a thorough knowledge of orchestral resources. In spirit Mr. Hervey's music shows German tendencies; but there is a clearness and method about his writing which prove that he can think for himself and, what is more to the purpose, that he knows how to reproduce his ideas with good effect.

The appearance of M. Paderewski at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday, the 22nd, attracted a more than usually large audience. On this occasion the Polish pianist chose for his principal solo his own Concerto in A minor, Op. 17, a work which was noticed in these columns on the occasion of its performance at his Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall last summer. The performance at Sydenham served to confirm the opinion then expressed as to its merits, though the orchestral accompaniments were hardly so well played on this occasion as at the earlier performance; in the slow movement especially the strings were by no means in tune. M. Paderewski's other solos were Chopin's Nocturne in B major, and Liszt's Transcription of Paganini's "Campanella" Rondo, after which he played, by way of encore, Rubinstein's arrangement of the march from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." The Symphony was Beethoven's "Eroica," which was not played as well as usual at these concerts. The famous horn passage in the trio was especially bad. The concert began with Mendelssohn's Overture, "The Hebrides," and ended with the ballet-music from M. Saint-Saëns's new opera, *Ascanio*. It has more than once been necessary to protest against the custom which obtains at these concerts of putting new works at the end of a long programme; the arrangement of this concert afforded a particularly flagrant example of this irritating habit. There was no necessity to perform M. Saint-Saëns's ballet-music at all, if it was not thought worth a better place in the programme; but, as it happens, it is a particularly charming example of a branch of composition in which the French master excels, and it was well worth a better place. Moreover, to make matters worse, the Programme-book contained what professed to be an analysis of the work, which practically consisted of a string of disparaging remarks. It cannot too often be repeated that the writer of an analysis has no business to pronounce any opinion as to the merits of the work of which he treats. If an audience's judgment of a composition is to be dictated by the author of the analytical programme, the sooner analytical programmes are done away with the better. Such displays of priggishness as that contained in the analysis of the *Ascanio* ballet-music can be of no use to any one, and will only serve to bring discredit upon the critical acumen of English musicians.

It is difficult to speak in moderate terms of the admirable performances at Sir Charles Hallé's second Orchestral Concert, which took place on Friday, the 28th ultimo. From the opening horn passage in Weber's *Oberon* Overture to the end of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, such extraordinarily perfect playing has been seldom, if ever, heard in London. The Symphony especially, familiar though it is, seemed endowed with new life; the Allegretto was played as if the whole band was one player, and the Finale was given with a brightness which was delightful to listen to. Dvořák's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor (Op. 33), the solo part of which was well played by Sir Charles Hallé, is not one of the Bohemian master's best compositions, though, like all that he writes, it deserves an occasional hearing. The rest of the programme consisted of the Allegretto from Spohr's Third Symphony; but the Weber Overture and Beethoven Symphony were by far the most interesting performances, and were alone worth a journey to St. James's Hall on such an inclement night.

At the last two Popular Concerts the chief features of interest have been the production by M. Paderewski, last Saturday afternoon, of a well-written Violin Sonata of his own composition, the violin part of which received ample justice at the hands of Mme. Neruda, and the first appearance at these concerts of Señor Albeniz, who joined Mme. Neruda and Signor Piatti last Monday evening in Beethoven's Trio in C minor, besides playing a group of four short sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti. The performance of the Trio was, on the whole, excellent; but the work is not one which demands the highest qualities of a player of chamber-music, and opinion as to Señor Albeniz's merits in this respect must be reserved until an opportunity is afforded of hearing him in some other work. The vocalist was Miss Liza Lehmann, who charmed her audience by her singing of a ballad by James Hook, "When first the East," one of the old-world songs the flavour of which she alone seems to possess the secret of reproducing. Amongst minor concerts the only one which calls for notice is Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's first vocal recital, which took place at Princes' Hall on the afternoon of the 24th ult. Both artists were in excellent voice, and their admirable performances of songs and duets by Marco da Gagliano, Grétry, Handel, Cimarosa, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Henschel, and Ambroise Thomas were received with loud applause from a large audience. It is

almost impossible to single out any one number in the programme as better than the others; but Mr. Henschel has seldom been heard to greater advantage than in Schumann's gloomy "Löwenbraut," or Brahms's fine "O wüsst' ich doch" and "Ich sah als Knabe" (both from Opus 63), while Mrs. Henschel's charming singing of her husband's "Morgens als Lerche" (Op. 46) earned a well-merited encore. In three of Beethoven's arrangements of Scotch songs the concert-givers were assisted by Miss Shinner (violin) and Miss Hemmings (violincello).

EXHIBITIONS.

AT Messrs. Buck & Reid's Gallery, in New Bond Street, there is on view a small collection of views of Norway, painted in water-colour by Mr. W. W. May, R.I. These drawings are carefully executed, but their general effect is somewhat tame and disappointing; there is great variety of subject, the scenes including snug little towns, bold glaciers, torrents, waterfalls, ships, and the midnight sun, but there is not much variety in their handling nor courage in their treatment. "The Great Leerfoss, Trondhjem" (1), is too much like a miniature Niagara to be impressive, while the mountain torrent of "On the Stor Vand" (47) might be any waterfall and be anywhere. "In the Rolfsö Sund, near Hammerfest" (3), is one of many studies of grey clouds on blue sky; this particular one, however, has snow lying on the range of rocky cliffs. Nos 10 and 11 are of busy "Bergen from the Custom House Quay," the little town nestled beneath a beetling hill. "Leith" (14) is a fine effect of rain, sweeping down incessantly and unceasingly in its fury. "Hestmandö, on the Arctic Circle" (15) shows a strange smooth sea of the colour of a black pearl, with a jagged island rising up beyond, and clouds sweeping down upon it; this is very impressive. But many of the seas here are too much broken up and monotonously painted, the water being not heavy enough, nor is it too carefully drawn; "Windy Day at Hammerfest" (21) is an instance of this, while the carelessly dabbed sea spoils the neat and bright effect of "Bergen" (62).

There are, of course, several examples of snow-scapes; the arrested avalanche, apparently of white paper, in "Svartisen Glacier, Nordland" (58) is not a very happy specimen, while the crude patch of snow in "View from Meraak, Geiranger Fjord" (42) spoils the beauty of the steep green hills, and is aided in accomplishing this by the coarsely-treated sky, where one of more delicacy would have been in better keeping with the subject. In "At Næs, Romsdalsfjord" (29) the snow is less uniform and white, and the slight tinting of it is an improvement, holding it in keeping with its surroundings; while the deep and mysterious shadow on the hillside is very effective. The rounded white-faced "Bass Rock" (46), with its cap of green, is in strong contrast with the forbidding and jagged rocks of "Hestmandö" and "Hammerfest," and with the long lines of the cliffs of the "Lofoden Islands" and the "Skopshorn." The "View from the Tyvfield" (45) shows a strange and charming distinction between the gentle blue sea and the line of the fierce-looking serrated rocks. The several studies of rain-effects are good, whether they be of the fine rain-clouds settling down insidiously on the rocky shores of the "Skopshorn" (70), or the heavy wet clouds endeavouring, apparently unsuccessfully, to get a hold on the forbidding range of the "Lofoden Islands" (68). But it is to the drawing of the "North Cape, Midnight, July 30" (65) that the spectator will turn again, to regard with fascination that quiet wonder of the midnight sun; it looks like a beautiful dream, all is so quiet and so still in the soft lilac and pink of the arctic midnight.

A small collection of bright and interesting paintings by Mr. Alfred Hartley, chiefly of Suffolk, are now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street. In a pleasing preface to the catalogue, Mr. Hartley dwells upon some incidents in the life of Constable, and especially on his love for the country-side around the river Stour; the suggestion that, as a miller's son, Constable had unusual opportunity and encouragement for studying the signs of the sky, and the cloud indications of approaching winds, is a happy one; since to the man who owns a windmill, that grist grinds only which a fair wind favours. But report is not clear upon the point whether Constable was born at the windmill of Bergholt or at the watermill of Flatford. Among Mr. Hartley's paintings there are several which are of places which are interesting as in some way associated with the name of Constable. Of these "Willy Lott's House" (9), showing the end and side of a house, embowered with roses and creepers, and standing beside a stream, Mr. Hartley imagines to look exactly as it did half a century ago. Bergholt, a town at one time inhabited by Flemish weavers, and retaining still upon its churches traces of earlier Norman occupation, is here depicted as a clean, bright little town, with a wide and sandy road, and possessing a snug, welcome-inspiring inn planted at an open corner of its High Street.

Much of Mr. Hartley's painting is clever and effective, with considerable freedom of brush-power; but there is a generosity of oil and varnish about it which is a little excessive. The pictures of subjects seen in sunshine are pleasant; one of sheep in a slanting field, with a hedge of irregular brown trees at its upper end, is reposeful and pleasing; while another painting, of "Midsummer" (36), is delightful; it is full of the effect of sun-

shine, and the atmosphere seems to scintillate with heat. In "Haymaking—Flatford" (26) the light is not so truly rendered; it might be equally well moonlight or sunlight.

"EVERY LITTLE FLOWER."

IN *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakspeare's Fairy Queen, Titania, tells in most pathetic verse how

The Moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

This charming passage has a curious significance in the light of modern science. It was not till long after the days of Shakspeare that the curious fact was known that the two sexes pervaded the whole of life in nature, both vegetable and animal, except in the lowest organisms. As we know in the case of plants the same flower may be male and female; or the same tree may bear male and female blossoms differing exceedingly; or the male and female blossoms may be borne on different plants of the same species. But these discoveries in botany had not been made when Shakspeare wrote, and the minute facts concerning the visiting of plants by bees, moths, and flies have but recently been detected, showing us how very beautiful the loves of the flowers may be to us. The colours and the songs of birds are modes of courtship; the colours and the scent of flowers are endowments to attract the bee, the great match-maker. It is difficult to see in what sense this "enforced chastity" of the flower in Shakspeare's verse can be taken, except in the true sense, yet the true sense was unknown to mankind when Shakspeare wrote. The numerous and ingenious commentators on his plays have left this unnoticed, and have made no comments on so beautiful and so significant a passage simply because the sexes of flowers were unknown to them. With our present knowledge of nature and her subtle ways of accomplishing her ends, the poetic imagery of Titania's words would be fine, but no more. She was a sublime Fairy Queen, indeed, if she knew then what, so far as can be learnt, no mortal knew.

This passage, as well as being beautiful, is a great curiosity in literature. It cannot be explained as a flash of genius hitting on an obscure truth by inspiration. If so, the flash enlightened no one; for it did not lead to the knowledge of the sexes in every little flower, nor does it appear to have been taken even as a hint by any one. It is very difficult to translate the passage into any simple or figurative sense without our full knowledge of the sexes of flowers. And it cannot be taken in any other sense than the common well-known one, that the moon with a misty look indicates rain, and that rain with cold is injurious to flowers because it prevents the fertilization of the male and female blossom. Shakspeare was a great and close observer of nature, which he put to its best use in the extreme beauty of his poetry, especially so in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where he hangs a pearl on every cowslip's ear, knows a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows, with sweet musk roses and with egantine, and where sleeps Titania.

The beauty of the language and the beauty of the sentiments expressed by the character of the Fairy Queen throughout *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the flowery land of dreams, are Shakspeare's own; and it is wonderful that the lament of the little flowers should touch us so nearly if it were at the time merely a haphazard metaphor, written for its beauty rather than for its truth.

In very early days the fruit-eaters of the East, perchance, observed that some trees were fruitless unless others of the same species were present, and they took boughs of the blossom of the one and hung them over the blossoms of the other. Nor did it escape the notice of the ancient philosophers, to whom the idea of sex occurred, as a metaphor rather than as a fact. But this was in the case of the small minority that bear the male and female blossoms on separate plants; it was not every little flower as we now know it to be. The analogy of the sexes was a late discovery in botany, and it was Linnaeus who founded his system on it in the eighteenth century (1736), though before his time the idea had entered the minds of botanists, notably Grew in 1676, not however early enough to explain Shakspeare's allusion. In latter days the all-pervading influence of sex on all life, whether sensitive or insensitive, has been the subject of minute investigation, and Charles Darwin made an elaborate study of this provision of nature, showing even in plants bearing hermaphrodite flowers—flowers which contain both sexes in one blossom—that there is a subtle contrivance of nature in favour of crossing, and against breeding *in and in*. If the theory of evolution may be accepted, it is not difficult to suppose that a cross from a stranger in more favourable surroundings, implying superior vigour, might lead to a stronger variety in a species, and the selection of the fittest in the struggle for life. Thus sex of itself alone would be an evolution in favour of variation, and the predominance of the strongest. In these modern times gardeners with a hair-pencil perform the office of insects, and accomplish wonderful results by crossing, the offsprings being finer flowers, or finer fruits, or finer trees, as they will. They reject the failures more ruthlessly than even nature herself.

Shakspeare's lament of every little flower for some enforced chastity remains a curious question in literature. In the *Winter's*

Tale there is a passage of the same nature, which might go to show that some insight of the truth had inspired his genius:—

Pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids.

REVIEWS.

THE GREEK WORLD UNDER ROMAN SWAY.*

MR. MAHAFFY has difficulty in keeping King Charles's Head out of the Memorial. His new book continues the history of the society, philosophy, literature, and religion of the Greek or Grecoized world, from the time of Polybius to that of Plutarch. The subject in itself is enough, or more than enough, for the volume. Yet Mr. Mahaffy must introduce some obscure private grievance of his own into his preface:—

The present scholarship, both of Germany and England, has been positively vivified by the fashion among its Professors of taking criticism as an act of hostility, and pursuing the critic with such rancour that no one thinks it worth his while to set his neighbour right, or expose, however gently, a piece of literary imposture, at the cost of being maligned or annoyed for the rest of his life

What is all this about? Nobody enjoys being accused of "literary imposture," especially if his conscience is like a sea at rest; but who has been accusing whom, and has anybody been annoying Mr. Mahaffy? Scholars are ever a quarrelsome and vituperative race, especially archaeologists; but they are not nearly so bad as in older times, and they are certainly not worse than ordinary uneducated reviewers. These gentry no sooner hear of a popular book than their first desire is to prove that the author has stolen it from somebody else. We do not hear so much of this peculiarly spiteful kind of folly among scholars, and we certainly never knew that Mr. Mahaffy had suffered from the amateur literary detective. Perhaps there has been a quarrel at Dublin.

Mr. Mahaffy's work deals with a subject which is, or at least which used to be, neglected in the English Universities. Greek history practically ended with a certain famous sacrifice; Livy and Tacitus were almost the only authorities for Roman affairs; such documents as Cicero's Letters were only read "for scholarship"; Polybius, Plutarch, Lucian, Diodorus, Strabo, were left unopened. The style of most of these authors was thought second-rate; and the history of their period was, as Mr. Mahaffy says of that of Egypt and Syria in a certain period, "such a weariness of intricacy, that it was justly abandoned to a few specialists." The studies of Oxford, at least, have become much wider, and we imagine that Mr. Mahaffy's new book will be found serviceable by the modern undergraduate. His subject—Greek influence under Roman sway from the Indus to Gades—is a mighty maze, and perhaps nobody can possess the special knowledge needed for its adequate treatment. For example, Mr. Mahaffy suggests that the Buddhists may have founded some sort of school in Galilee or in the mountains of Judea; and he mentions an inscription in which Aqoka speaks of having sent missionaries and medicine to Antiochus II., Ptolemy II., and other potentates. Here is precisely the kind of point on which special knowledge is needed far beyond the scope of the "irresponsible indolent reviewer." It is clear that for a king to send more or less missionary embassies to his brother kings is a very different thing from establishing a Buddhist missionary school among the unlettered peasants of a small and remote district. We are by no means inclined to attribute any Jewish religious change to any such influence, but Mr. Mahaffy leans to this theory. Asceticism and its accompanying notes are too characteristic of human thought everywhere to need specially Buddhist teaching. However, the suggestion is an example of Mr. Mahaffy's attention to the evidence of inscriptions. According to the old sceptical Oxford teaching, that evidence is mere historical bric-a-brac. Mr. Mahaffy has a much higher value for it, and certainly the sceptical estimate is too low. But we do not feel, as we read his book, that inscriptions, so far, have added so very much to our information. For example, as to the revival of the Delphian oracle in Plutarch's time, Mr. Mahaffy cites (p. 319) an inscription of Korope on Methone, where there was an oracle much visited by strangers. But Mr. Mahaffy sees clearly that many of these strangers may have been mere tourists, and the date of the Korope inscription is uncertain. In *Mélusine* M. Henri Gaidoz lately showed how inscriptions, and similar documents, even in modern France, might absolutely mislead the historian of the future. Mr. Mahaffy mentions that, in papyrus mummy cases near Mesinet el Fayoum Mr. Flinders Petrie has found quantities of Greek writings, fragments of the *Phœdo*, and of the lost *Antiope* of Euripides. He infers that Greek life and learning were more widely diffused in Egypt, about 284-224 B.C., than has been believed, and here the documentary evidence seems good and valuable. There must, indeed, have been plenty of Greek books when they were used, as in *In Memoriam*, "to line a box."

With a subject so vast, and with space so limited (some four hundred pages), it was perhaps inevitable that Mr. Mahaffy's book should seem scrappy, and should be anything but easy reading.

* *The Greek World under Roman Sway*. By J. P. Mahaffy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Whether more pains in arrangement and composition might have improved it, might have made what is essential more conspicuous, it is difficult for anybody to say who has not attempted Mr. Mahaffy's task. We can scarcely blame him if he sometimes wearied; and weary he must have been when he wrote that sentiment "did not prevent Agrippa from imposing on the inhabitants" (of New Ilium) "an enormous fine for a misadventure to a Roman princess, which they could hardly have averted, and which was remitted at the intercession of Herod the Great." Here the second "which" applies to the fine; but the language is most embroiled. The ordinary reader would like to know what the Princess's misadventure was. They may consult "Nicolae Damase. *de vita sua*, frag. 3." Mr. Mahaffy has not pandered to the spirit of the New Journalism. Again, if a jar of wine cost 100 drachms, how big was the jar? Was it one of the big ones that held at least a dozen? Unless we know that, we do not learn whether the wine was "an expensive wine," as Mr. Talbot Twysden said his was not, or rather cheap at the price. Mr. Mahaffy is occasionally much unlike Théophile Gautier. His metaphors are mixed. He talks about "the key to disturbances which could not, indeed, shake off the yoke, but which showed the internal sores with which the mighty commonwealth was afflicted." Animals which wear yokes do not try to shake them off because they have internal maladies.

In a book like this we have to skip about with some mental activity. Mr. Mahaffy's first chapter is on the risings of Hellenic or Hellenized slaves in Sicily, and on Sylla's attempt at conservative reconstruction. His second is on Chandragupta and Açoka, stone-building in India, and the supposed relations of the Greek and the Indian drama. He thinks that the Indians must have copied Greek plays given by strolling Dionysiac companies for the amusement of princes, "while the majority of their retinue must have found the dialogue quite incomprehensible," poor fellows! They could not get up and go away, as Marius did, when he was taken to see a Greek play. This was worthy of Marius's good sense. A Greek play (as now performed) is the very abyss of tedium; but few people are so frank as Marius. Mr. Mahaffy now comes back to Hellenism in Syria and Egypt, to the Maccabees, and to the interesting voyages of Eudoxus and the possible Malagasy "found half dead in a boat alone." Next, after some remarks on African exploration, we have "the Acclimation of Greek Philosophy in Roman society." We Saxons are notoriously dull; we can hardly jump about thus with Mr. Mahaffy, who has done all these feats of mental agility in sixty pages, and who informs us that Cato "was no gentleman." The settlement of the East, the bringing of Greek works of art to Rome, the inscriptions, the trade, the decadence of Delos next engage us, and it is certain that here the inscriptions are of most undeniable value as to "the free port of the Aegean" and the inroads of the pirates. Mr. Mahaffy now traces in a clear and interesting manner the Roman acceptance of Greek education and the reaction against it; his remarks on the attitude of Cicero towards the Greeks are also acute and valuable. He thinks Cicero and his son were careless of the beauty and romance of Athens. But we can hardly expect the younger Cicero to have written letters home on the plan of Mr. Bouncer at Oxford. The best passage on Greek "philosopher-companions" is that on Philodemus, Piso's led captain, the poet and philosopher. This passage is separated by a long distance from what Mr. Mahaffy has to say about Meleager and the other contemporary poets of the *Anthology*. Mr. Mahaffy, who calls Theocritus an Alexandrian pedant, has little toleration for the epigrammatists; indeed, he regards their art as much on a level with the making of double acrostics. To Meleager he allows excellence in "pathetic exclamation, in passionate soliloquy, and in a Carlylesque richness of poetical epithets." But he tells us "nothing of politics or of home life," though it is admitted that his spring flowers are vernal, and not such as grow in autumn. It is needless to remark that Mr. Mahaffy, in our opinion, much underrates the *Anthology*, both as poetry and as evidence on the "home life" of Greece. In such evidence the epitaphs and *anathematica* and *epideikta* are exceedingly rich. As to the poetry, it has inspired poets ever since; it is often tender, pathetic, and, in the case of Leonidas of Tarentum, celebrates the dignity of rural labour in a style worthy of Wordsworth. And this poetry, so well, if inadequately, described by Longfellow, this collection of darkened love-lamps, of faded flowers, of dusty garlands, these echoes of voices from the graves of maidens, matrons, fishers, seamen, singers, this museum of gems, is "an amusement like double acrostics." Mr. Mahaffy has accustomed us to queer violences of individual prejudice, but to few more arbitrary than this; to few which more clearly show his lapses of taste, and his partial incompetence to understand the spirit of Greece. We have not space to follow him through the Greece of the early Emperors. His most interesting passage is perhaps his excellent translation of Dion's account of rural life in the "hollows of Euboea," a text more truthful, perhaps, than Mr. Mahaffy is inclined to think, a story very little known to English readers, and far more beautiful than the famous prose idyl of *Daphnis and Chloe*. Mr. Mahaffy, to our comfort, admits that Plutarch was "essentially a gentleman." He disbelieves, and we hope his scepticism is justified, in some of the details of life in Apuleius. He compares the *Golden Ass* to some French novels:—"The society for which such books are written must have shown that they are to its taste; the society which such books portray may have been wholly different." The abomination of Nero's taste may have been trans-

planted by Apuleius to Greece. So Mr. Mahaffy declines to use Apuleius as evidence, and returns to Plutarch, of whose religious system he gives a capital account. Probably Mr. Mahaffy's observations on domestic life as revealed by Plutarch are the most interesting paragraphs in his book to the general reader. It is not a very clearly arranged book; the materials are so heterogeneous that they supply an excuse for want of clearness. But probably there is no other book from which the English reader can learn so much about the subject, and none of its kind that will be more useful to the true serious student.

NOVELS.*

"DRESSMAKING," remarked little Miss Macnabb, "is just like a' the airts I ever heard tell of, a kind of epitome of life." And it was, furthermore, her opinion that "it wants good blood in your veins and a leddy's bringing up before you'll ever make a dress that will set off a leddy." Such sentiments would fit in well enough with a theory which not a few persons of quality put into practice nowadays; but they must have sounded dangerously subversive seventy years since, when Kirsteen Douglas—a Douglas of Drumcarro—resolved to fend for herself and earn her living as a dressmaker. Kirsteen saw as clearly as any one could the consequences of the step she was taking. She was in no way minded to undervalue the dignity of her family. "I am not his grace's clanswoman," she tells the Duchess, when that noble lady threatens her with the Duke's displeasure. "The Douglases, I have always heard tell, were sovereign in their own place, and gave no reverence to one of another name." She can take a high tone, too, with her sister, who has run away with a Glasgow doctor; a doctor, for all his respectability, being a common person to the proud Highland girl. But love conquers pride; and Kirsteen, troth-plighted to her own lad in India, will do anything honest sooner than be driven to marry Glendochart, an old man who might be her father. Neither the Laird of Drumcarro's arguments nor his threats avail to move her an inch from her determination. "Ye will be a lucky woman," he tells her; "ye're to have Glendochart estates for your life, and it's a very fine down-sitting." Kirsteen is firm as a rock, and then the laird, as usual, loses his temper. "What are ye?" he cries: "a creature of no account, a lass that has to obey her father till she gets her man, and then to obey him." Equally futile is her mother's remonstrance.

"Oh, Kirsteen! it's very little a lassie knows; ye think of a bonny lad, a bright eye, or a taking look, or a fine figure at the dancing or the like of that. But who will tell ye if he may not be just a devil in the house? Who will tell ye that he may not just ding ye into a corner and shame ye before the bairns, or drive ye doited with his temper, or make your bed and your board a hell on earth? Oh, it's little, little, a lassie kens! She thinks she will please her fancy, or she listens to a flattering tongue, or looks to a bonny outside; and all the time it's just meesery she's wedding, and not a bonny lad!"

Poor Mrs. Douglas may well speak with feeling. The laird is just a devil in the house. The auld slave-driver, as the neighbours would call him at times—in his hot youth he had gone to seek a fortune in the West Indies—was a hard husband as well as a hard father; and her lot is inexpressibly sad. She is the best drawn character in the book, for it requires no little skill to win sympathy for a commonplace, weak-minded woman, with neither comeliness nor spirit, but only a capacity for suffering. The scene at her death-bed is wonderfully pathetic. "Tis just a sight for the angels," Kirsteen said. Doubtless, however, we should be chiefly interested in that young person herself. A strong-minded woman, she is also an attractive one. The spoken romance of her life is told in two brief sentences:—"Will ye wait for me, Kirsteen, till I come back?" and the whispered answer, "That I will," straight from her true heart. Wait, she does, though he never comes; and while we do not, as a general rule, advise all young ladies who cannot marry the lad of their choice to run away from their homes, and set up as milliners, we are quite prepared to give this bonny Kirsteen, with her Highland grace and her spirit, high rank and place among our favourite Scotch heroines. Nor will we dwell on the reflection that as likely as not she would have been very happy and comfortable in the end if she had taken Glendochart and the fine down-sitting as mistress of the elderly beau's estate. If one may hint at a flaw in the book, it can be detected in the too sombre hue of the story. It is not that there is no touch of humour to lighten and relieve the gloom, and Kirsteen is too self-reliant and serene to think only of her troubles; but one gets a laugh too seldom; while the one character who is consistently frivolous, Lord John, pays for it by having his neck broken.

The Last of the Fenwicks is in most respects an admirable story. Charlotte Brontë might have imagined the family at

* *Kirsteen: the Story of a Scotch Family Seventy Years Ago.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The Last of the Fenwicks. By Helen Shipton. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited. 1891.

The Winding Way. A Novel. By J. S. Fletcher. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Sidney. By Margaret Deland. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Nutshell Novels. By J. Ashby-Sterry. London: Hutchinson & Co.

The Idle Hour Series—Wedding. By Robert Overton, and other Writers. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Cogshall Grange; the disreputable grandfather who had once been a gentleman, the coarse-bred sons—old Adam Fenwick and crowned a wild career by marrying his cook—and Isobel herself. Miss Fenwick is the daughter of George Fenwick who was thrown from his horse and killed hardly a year after his runaway match with pretty Delia Marshall. Two days afterwards Isobel was born, and in a couple of days more the child was left without either father or mother. Brought up at first by her mother's people, she had been taken when seven years old to the Grange, and there spends her girlhood amid surroundings that would have hopelessly ruined a weaker character. Her grandfather has lost every trace of good breeding; her uncles, rough squires, care for little else than a close deal over a horse or a drinking bout and game of cards with boon companions. Her aunt, the honest, well-meaning Mrs. Moultrie, who might have rescued her from the sordid degradation of life at the Grange, is also killed in an accident, and Isobel is left to grow up as best she can, with no companions of her own age, and no education save what she gets out of Sir Walter Scott's novels—not bad school-books for a girl, either. But the finer qualities of the race, lost or latent in two generations, come out again in Adam Fenwick's granddaughter, who has all the points and grace of a family that once held its own with the best in the county. Isobel knows by intuition that everything about her is mean and despicable. At the same time, she believes that escape is out of the question, that she is the last of a doomed name. She has been born a Fenwick; and this, she thinks, must cut her off irretrievably from the whole civilized world. Even when Prince Charming appears on the scene in the person of Alwyn Craufurd, her first impulse is to warn him to have nothing to do with the Grange or its inhabitants. With just a little more vigour in the character of Alwyn Craufurd, *The Last of the Fenwicks* would be a much better story than it is. His way of lifting his eyebrows and looking bored when anybody opposes him is quite compatible, of course, with ferocious and even fiend-like energy. One knows this from a study of modern politics as expounded by gentlemen of the Irish party. Nor is there anything effeminate in his sentimental affection for Jack Beresford; while the fit of petulant despondency in which he "chucks the service," notwithstanding his taste for a military life, may be only the result of Maltese fever. But men of the world ought not to behave like sentimental young ladies, and this is what Craufurd does when he quarrels with the Beresfords and goes off with the intention of hiding himself. There is something wrong, too, in the scene where, like Browning's Count Gismond, he comes to blows with the man who has libelled his lady-love. What he does may be right enough, but he says far too much. Yet these are small defects, when the author has created a central figure like Isobel Fenwick, and can paint exactly the background which best sets off her sweetness and simplicity.

When two young gentlemen, marvellously alike in look and bearing, meet for the first time on board an Atlantic mail steamer, we know perfectly well what must happen. One of them will be going home to England to establish his claim to a baronetcy and 25,000 a year, more or less; while the other will belong to the class that has brains but no money. The real Sir Roger will die or be killed, or else disappear till the penultimate chapter, and his counterfeit presentation will take fraudulent possession of the estate. In *The Winding Way* the real Sir Roger—Sir Philip Livingstone, we mean—is drowned outright; the s.s. *Hermione* being lost with all on board, but two, in mid-ocean. Paul Laverack, who resembles the drowned baronet, is saved, and so is Mr. Amaziah Flyshaker, who, as the tale progresses, comes in usefully as an instrument of retribution and as a comic character. After the shipwreck, of course, Paul goes at once to Yorkshire and finds no difficulty in passing himself off as a baronet, though he feels a trifle awkward when called upon to kiss the defunct Sir Philip's sister. This kissing business, we notice, is always introduced in some form or another. Unlike his illustrious prototype, the pseudo-Sir Philip has received a liberal education, so that he can quote Horace and discuss Theocritus with any baronet in Burke; accomplishments which would have saved the claimant to the Tichborne title and estates many a discomfiture. Among the more startling variations introduced into a now threadbare plot is the incident of the dream. The young lady who had to be kissed was Sir Philip's twin sister. On the night when the *Hermione* went down she dreamt about an open boat at sea, with a dead man and a living one, each the image of her brother. We must leave it to the occult to say whether Miss Livingstone, being in Yorkshire, could have seen, at 3.5 A.M. Greenwich time, a vision of something that actually happened just before sunrise, half way across the Atlantic. Surely allowance should be made for the difference of longitude. This twin sister, Helena Livingstone, is a beautiful young goddess with a splendid head, magnificent hair, and the rarest smile. Her portrait, we should like to add, may be seen in places where they advertise. "More than one noble lord whose pockets were as empty as his vows were impassioned, sacrificed themselves at her shrine," while her smile, that rarest smile, served to electrify a whole roomful of men. It is Mr. Sharpe, the family lawyer, who gives us such a gushing account of Miss Livingstone's personal charms, though his reminiscences are somewhat unprofessional. "Heavens!" he writes, "what a beauty she was! You may take your girl: of sweet seventeen for me; I like to see a woman fully developed . . . Woman's like wine, best when it's fully matured." The Rabelaisian

old lawyer is still more unprofessional when, in his capacity as coroner, he lets a man already in custody on a charge of murder tender evidence on oath.

Major Mortimer Lee brings up his daughter Sidney on a plan of his own. The loss of his wife has affected him in the same way as the knowledge of human misery affected Gautama Buddha, and Count Tolstoi. The only escape, he says, from the tragedy of consciousness which the caprice of the motiveless will fastens on us in resignation, is the giving up of desire, is the giving up of living. The nearest approach to what we call happiness is negation. So Sidney is taught that immortality is only a pretty hope, with no more foundation in reason than a fairy story. Without a belief in immortality she will never dare to fasten her soul to another soul. "She will not love," the Major thinks, "and so she shall escape suffering." In his opinion, "love is hell." Sidney is an apt pupil, and becomes quite an accomplished little Buddhist, as far as a firm belief in the doctrine of negation can make one. She goes to church occasionally, but only because she likes the music. When a young gentleman entreats her to fall in love with him, she will not hear of it. "There would be no grief," she cries, "if there were no love. Love means grief; it means fear. Oh! truly, I do not see how sane people can deliberately invite suffering by loving each other." Upon this the young gentleman goes home, and proceeds to die of heart disease, which so upsets Miss Lee in her philosophy that she presently declares herself willing to marry him on his death-bed; and does it. Whether *Sidney* will be as widely read as *John Ward, Preacher*, by the same author, we cannot say; but it would be a clever and interesting story if some of the characters were left out, Sidney herself included. Her aunt, Miss Sally, is delightful, and the worldly Mrs. Paul should be preserved. We notice yet another example of the blundering which confuses Frankenstein with the monster he created. Major Lee talks of Christianity as "a conception so blasting and cruel that men would die at the very sight of the Frankenstein they had called into their minds." "Blastingly," by-the-bye, is an odd expression. So is antagonized in such phrases as "Alan was alternately charmed and antagonized by Sidney's attitude towards life," or "Alan felt a growing disinclination to antagonize Sidney's father." On the whole, we are often antagonized than charmed by the book.

The author of *Nutshell Novels* rashly refers to "those tiresome children who, when you have told them a tale, ask—and what then?" This is too often the reflection produced after reading Mr. Ashby-Sterry's amiable but unexciting stories. The most impressive incident in the whole collection will be found in the tale of "Ruddleton's Revenge." Mr. Ruddleton, a wealthy gentleman, writes a play, *Airy Nothings*, which, after a brief run, is withdrawn to make way for *Clover*, a new and original comedy, by Mr. Shunkle. Irritated at his failure, the author of *Airy Nothings* surreptitiously buys up all the tickets for the first performance of *Clover*, and throws them into the fire. The result is a remarkably thin house. There is really little else to note in the story except that *Chansonnnette* is twice spelt wrongly, which, seeing that the author has written so many, is certainly curious. Some of the *Nutshell Novels* are not novels at all, but merely more or less humorous sketches. The maximum of humour is reached when a military officer is called a lobstorous old disciplinarian.

The short stories put together under the comprehensive title *Wedding* have, at any rate, the merit of variety. There are reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny, by Colonel A. J. Macpherson; American tales, by Miss Ella Wheeler and Judge Clark; a story of English society, by Mr. Manville Fenn; and, oddly enough, an extract from the miscellaneous works of Theodore Hook. The story of Mr. and Mrs. Markham is amusing. In order to enjoy certain legacies, they have to become, the one Mr. Farebridge and the other Mrs. Merryweather, much to the mystification of the lady boarders at an hotel in Florida. One can pick up a good deal of information about American life from the book, as well as some choice examples of the American language. Sometimes we find people elegantly located in a handsome house. Sometimes they whittle sticks.

GREEK SCULPTURE.*

THE ten years which have elapsed since Mr. A. S. Murray published the first edition of his valuable work on Greek Sculpture have formed an exceptionally memorable decade in the archaeological history of this century, on account of the great number of new discoveries that have been made and the very important fresh lights that have been thrown on the subject of the plastic arts of the Greek race. These discoveries have been wide in geographical extent, and no less wide in the variety of the artistic periods which they illustrate. It is therefore somewhat disappointing to find that Mr. Murray has added nothing, and has made no modifications in the second volume of his book, which deals with the whole wide field of Greek sculpture from Phidias downwards. Mr. Murray tells us nothing of some of the most important of all the many plastic treasures which have recently come to light. Every archaeologist will remember the thrill of excitement that was felt by all students of Greek art when it was announced that

* *A History of Greek Sculpture*. By A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum. Revised edition. London: John Murray, 1890.

the German excavators at Elis had discovered the Hermes by Praxiteles, which Pausanias saw standing in its recess in the temple of Hera in the Altis of Olympia. Common as are later copies of works by the most famous Greek sculptors, it is a rare piece of good luck to get hold of an original work which can, with reasonable certainty, be attributed to some known and illustrious name. This rare good fortune has recently befriended the Greek explorers at Mantinea, and the Museum of Athens has now been enriched with another original work, which, by its graceful design and delicate modelling, bears witness to Pausanias's correctness when he attributes it, like the Hermes, to Praxiteles himself (see Paus. VIII. ix. 1). This new-found treasure consists of three well-preserved marble slabs, with reliefs of the Muses, which once decorated the pedestal of Praxiteles's group of Leto and her children, Apollo and Artemis, which stood in the curious double temple at Mantinea, half of which was dedicated to the above-named deities, and the other half, with its cultus statue by Alcamenes, to the younger deity Asklepios, who in the fifth century B.C. developed from a somewhat humble origin into a god of wide fame and veneration.

A still more important discovery, unnoticed by Mr. Murray, has been the unearthing at Lycosura, in Arcadia, of many large and important fragments of another group which is described by Pausanias at unusual length (VIII. xxxvii. 3 to 5). This group has the double interest of being an actual example of a cultus group of statues in a very sacred temple and also as supplying specimens of the skill of a sculptor, Damophon of Messene, who has hitherto only been known from literary records, neither original nor copy of any statue by him being previously known to exist. Even the date at which he lived was doubtful; some writers placing him early and others towards the close of the fourth century B.C. Little more was known about Damophon than the fact that he was the sculptor of certain marble statues, and that he was selected for the difficult and honourable task of repairing the ivory which had got loose on the famous chryselephantine statue of Zeus by Phidias in the Olympian temple.

The group which, at least partially, has been recovered, appears to have struck Pausanias as an exceptionally remarkable piece of sculpture. It consisted of two seated figures of colossal size representing the very sacred Chthonian goddesses Demeter and her daughter Persephone, who at Lycosura was worshipped under the mystic name of Despoina, "the Sovereign Lady." Behind these enthroned deities was a standing figure of Artemis, holding a lamp and two serpents, and another statue representing the Titan Anytus in full armour. These statues, which are in marble, are finished with much minuteness of detail in spite of their great size. The eyes were inlaid in coloured stones or enamels after the early Greek fashion, and the flesh is all polished to a fine ivory-like surface. The most striking thing about these statues is the extraordinary elaboration of the drapery, a great part of which is completely covered with patterns, carved in delicate relief, representing animals, griffin-like monsters, and human figures, together with floral designs of very rich effect. The whole *technique* of the group suggests that the sculptor, though working in marble, had in his mind the gold and ivory or gilt bronze which, till his time, had been the usual materials for cultus statues inside a temple cella—thus marking a transitional stage from the more costly method to the simpler marble sculpture of the age of Praxiteles and his successors.

Again, no history of Greek sculpture should omit some reference to the many important pieces of sculpture which have been found in the sacred precinct of Asklepios, at Epidaurus, or that most interesting of Greek buildings, the great *Tholos* or sacred "Pump-room" in the same teuonos, which, Pausanias tells us, was designed by Polycletus. The evidence of the existing remains shows that Pausanias is here speaking, though perhaps unknowingly, of the younger Polycletus, who lived two generations later than the famous contemporary of Myron and Phidias. As an architectural work this *Tholos* is of great importance as supplying an earlier example (probably of about 370 B.C.) of the Corinthian style than any which was previously known. The building consisted of a circular *cella*, in the middle of which was the sacred well of Asklepios, with an external ring of Doric columns and an internal circle, within the *cella*, of columns of fully-developed Corinthian style. The whole of this magnificent structure, including the tiles of its roof, was built of the glittering white Parian marble, the effect of which, under a Greek sun, is magnificent beyond all description.

In some ways the most startling of all the recent finds has been the discovery, in the Hall of the Mysteries at Eleusis, of reproductions in marble, on a small scale, most beautifully and accurately worked, of some of the statues in the pediment of the Athenian Parthenon. The most perfect of these is a copy, about eighteen inches high, of the group which still remains, in a sadly mutilated state, in the north angle of the west pediment, statues of a seated man and a lady whose arm is round his neck, commonly known as Cecrops and one of his daughters. Fortunately the copy from Eleusis is very well preserved, and has far more beauty, both in general design and detail, than even a vivid imagination can lend to the shattered wreck of which it is a reproduction.

The discovery of these two or three little statues creates the wild hope that possibly a complete set of copies of the sculpture in both pediments of the Parthenon may some day come to light, and thus lead to a more certain knowledge of what the meanings of the various figures really are. Those that have been found are, happily, works of a good Greek period—not coarse Roman caricatures, like the reproduction of the gold and ivory statue of Athene,

the discovery of which was announced in such glowing language by the Mayor of Athens a few years ago.

In the first volume of Mr. Murray's revised edition some important additions have been made, especially an account of some of the numerous archaic female statues which have been found on the Athenian Acropolis among the great mass of ruin and débris which was caused by the Persian invasion in 480 B.C. On the whole these very stately and, frequently, graceful statues, with their delicately modelled heads, tend to show that Attic sculpture was more advanced at the beginning of the fifth century B.C. than had hitherto been supposed. They not only possess great dignity of form, but in many cases have a deeply thoughtful and even spiritual beauty of expression, very unlike the rigid type of face which was formerly thought to have been universally prevalent in the sculpture of Athens before the Persian war. Judging from his descriptions, Mr. Murray has not had the advantage of personally studying the many newly-discovered pieces of sculpture in Athens. This is a serious drawback to the value of his work. No one now can possibly write an adequate history of Greek art in any branch, and least of all a history of sculpture, without a careful study of the many recent additions to the treasures contained in the three chief museums of Athens. Certainly no one who had seen them could possibly have omitted, as Mr. Murray does, all mention of the colossal groups, carved in local limestone, which are now the most striking and interesting of all the contents of the Acropolis Museum—more important for the history of Greek art than even the archaic female figures in Parian marble. The latter were not wholly new in type and subject, but nothing like these colossal stone statues had ever been discovered before. Some of these statues, which probably date as far back as the first half of the sixth century B.C., have belonged to the pediments of some early Athenian temple. The principal subjects appear to be Herakles strangling the sea-god Triton—a monster half human and half fish-like in form—treated in general design very much like the same object which occurs on the sculptured architrave from Assos, which is now in the Louvre, and also on many early vase-paintings. The other subject was Zeus slaying a strange Typhon-monster, with triple winged human bodies and serpent terminations. The style of these colossal pieces of sculpture is very remarkable, combining great spirit and vigour of movement in all the limbs, with absolutely blank, expressionless faces. All are coloured in the most brilliant way with crimson flesh, and in the case of Typhon, with hair originally of bright ultramarine, though time has partly changed the pigment from blue to green. Other no less remarkable groups represent a bull being pulled down by two lions which have sprung upon it, one over its head, the other over its haunches; brilliant streams of crimson blood are flowing from each point where the teeth or claws of the lions are fixed in the flesh of the struggling and dying bull. This colossal group seems to have been repeated twice with little or no variation.

The archaic statues of athletes, which are among the recent acquisitions of the Athenian museums, are also well worthy of notice, and go far to prove the correctness of Dr. Waldstein's theory, published some years ago, that many of the early so-called figures of Apollo, with long plaited hair, really represent, not any deity, but merely athletes who had been victors in some important contest. Though still a work of much value, containing a large amount of useful matter, one cannot but feel that Mr. Murray's revised edition is, comparatively speaking, an inferior work for the year 1890 than his first edition was for 1880. It is also disappointing to find that the author has done nothing to improve his very clumsy and frequently ungrammatical style, which makes the study of his really useful book very difficult and irritating. Constantly Mr. Murray begins an inordinately long sentence without apparently knowing what he is going to say at the end of it. As an example, we may quote the following sentence (not an unfair sample of the whole), in which the writer is speaking of a statue erected in honour of Kimon's victory over the Persians:—

No doubt there must have been in Athens itself some very definite monument of so splendid a victory, and from the position of the temple of Athena Nike with reference to the south wall, it is argued that the erection of this building should be included in the statement about the fortifying of this wall, and that the xoanon which Kalamis copied was no other than the sacred statue of this temple, the pomegranate in her hand not only indicating, as did the palm tree at Delphi, victory over Orientals, but having special allusion to the town of Side, the symbol of which was a pomegranate, and which, from its nearness to the scene of the battle, if not from some now unknown active part in it, would naturally have been associated with the event.

Some illustrations have been added to this edition, but not many. Those throughout the work are of very unequal merit; some are very bad, such as the metope from Selinus at Vol. I. p. 293; others are excellent; but unfortunately all have the very serious defect of being without any scale or figuring, and are therefore liable seriously to mislead the student. No one, for example, would guess from the illustration (I. p. 144) of the "Athene—relief in bronze," in the Acropolis Museum, that it is only about twelve inches high.

Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, Mr. Murray's *History of Greek Sculpture* has many merits. It is exceptionally free from inaccuracies on matters of fact. One slip does need correction—the marble throne with the relief of the Tyrannicides, Harmodios and Aristogeiton, is not "at Athens" (p. 160), but is at Broom Hall in File, as is recorded by Michaelis in his work on Greek Sculpture in Britain.

MAGELLAN.*

DR. GUILLEMARD notes it in his preface as a curious circumstance that, "while the world is year by year presented with biographies of persons who cannot lay a claim to a tithe of the renown so justly accorded to Magellan, no life of the great circumnavigator has yet been written in English, or, indeed—if we make one exception—in any other language." But his own book shows that there is very good reason for the apparent neglect. The truth is that, apart from his great voyage, which has been abundantly recorded, there is no life of Magellan to be written. There is not enough known about him. Dr. Guillemand, after gently hinting blame on Señor Diego de Barros Arana for dismissing the navigator's early life in five pages, promises to supply the defect. He devotes a goodish number of pages to an attempt to keep his word, but we cannot accept this part of the book as biography at all. It is full of accounts of the campaigns of the elder Almeida, of his son Dom Lourenço, and of Albuquerque; but, though Magellan was present in many of these operations, he is, on Dr. Guillemand's own showing, only rarely mentioned as having particularly distinguished himself. When giving an account of Albuquerque's second attack on Goa, Dr. Guillemand has to confess that Correa—the best authority for the time—does not mention Magellan among the "valentes cavaleiros honrados" present on the occasion; but adds that he "may well come under the head of the 'outros cavaleiros honrados' who were present." He may or may not. It is hardly worth while to tell a man's early life at length if it cannot be given with greater precision than this. The fact is that Dr. Guillemand has really nothing of importance to add to what has been already told by Lord Stanley of Alderley in his *First Voyage Round the World*, done for the Hakluyt Society in 1874. This being thus, we could wish that he had acknowledged his obligations to his Lordship somewhat more warmly, and had avoided a certain tone of condescension which appears at times. Lord Stanley's book is a very different one from Dr. Guillemand's. It is a translation of Pigafetta and other authorities elucidated by notes. It was quite competent to Dr. Guillemand to use it; but literary courtesy required him to be very explicit in his thanks and acknowledgments, and it also required him not to talk as if he had himself added materially to knowledge, when in fact he has not so done. At times, too, he might with advantage have taken the wording of Lord Stanley's translation. In Lord Stanley Pigafetta gives as his reason for going on the voyage the wish to see "the very great and awful things of the ocean." This sounds much better than "the wonderful things of the ocean," the phrase taken by Dr. Guillemand.

The story of the famous voyage is well told by Dr. Guillemand. He himself will, we imagine, acknowledge that, considering how well the way had been prepared for him by a long series of predecessors, beginning with Maximilian Transylvanus and ending with Navarrete, the work was not difficult. His judgment on the few disputed points in Magellan's life is, we think, sound. It is well known that the navigator has been much reproached by his countrymen for renouncing his allegiance to his native King and entering the service of Charles V. Dr. Guillemand, who in this again follows Lord Stanley, points out that Castilian and Portuguese nobles had all through the middle ages claimed the right to renounce their allegiance and seek their fortunes elsewhere when dissatisfied at home. We may point out, too, that Magellan would probably have defended himself by saying that he had left the underlord for the overlord, the King for the Emperor, who was the sovereign of all Christendom. This last phrase was used at least once by him in his negotiations with the princes of the Indian Islands. Dr. Guillemand very properly defends Magellan for the measures he took to suppress the mutiny at Port St. Julian. It shows some ignorance to call the killing of Luis de Mendoza an assassination. The man was a mutineer, and was openly cut down on his own deck by the alquazil of the expedition, Gomez de Espinosa, whose post corresponded to that of the provost-marshal in a land force. As for the other mutineers, who were either beheaded and quartered or marooned, they deserved their fate for rebelling against a chief appointed by the Emperor, to whom, moreover, they had all personally sworn homage in all the forms. We do not find it equally possible to agree with Dr. Guillemand when he argues that Magellan knew of the existence of the Strait before he sailed. The evidence for the belief does not amount to more than this—that in the capitulation granted to Magellan and his partner, Ruy Faleiro, in 1518, the words "buscar el estrecho de aquellas mares" are used. The definite article, Dr. Guillemand thinks, shows that a particular strait was in the mind of the scribes. We think this is doing the definite article too much honour. No more was meant than the Strait which must exist if the oceans were connected at all. The fact that a strait is marked in Schöner's globes of 1515 and 1520 proves, we think, equally little. A glance at the neat copies of the Western Hemisphere of these globes given in this book will show that the Strait is put at about the mouth of the River Plate, which had been discovered by Juan Diaz de Solis in 1515. For the rest, these globes are but poor evidence, for they both mark a strait at the Isthmus of Darien, and are in all respects wild in their geography. Vague

knowledge of the River Plate, which was for a time believed to be a strait, accounts for the marking on the globes, and for some passages which Dr. Guillemand quotes from contemporary geographical works. As for hazy stories about Portuguese navigators who may have gone far south down the eastern coast of South America, they are surely not evidence. No doubt Magellan believed that there was a communication between the oceans, otherwise he would not have gone on his voyage. When, however, one remembers how boldly the navigators of the sixteenth century reasoned on very trifling evidence, one need not believe that this conviction was based on more than guesswork and Magellan's theories as to what the nature of things required. He was right, and therefore he was a great discoverer fully entitled to all the credit.

A STRAIGHT ROAD TO PARNASSUS.

THIS book bids fair to slay the old superstition that the use of an English-Latin dictionary is an illicit process leading to false conclusions. There is no doubt that the faithful following of any previously existing dictionary would lead, and often has led, to the making of very queer verse; but this has been due not so much to any vice in the method as to the fact that there have been no dictionaries suited to the purpose. Even the best graduses have been so overloaded with questionable synonyms and phrases, culled at random from post-classical writers, as to encumber the path rather than to clear it. Messrs. Ainger and Wintle have earned the gratitude of Etonian generations yet unborn by supplying the very book that is wanted. Their work will always make verses come easier, and it will often make them come right. The first merit we note is that there is not too much of anything—no long strings of useless words. Sometimes, perhaps, there is even too little; thus, for instance, we do not know why neither *vertex* nor *culmen* is given as an equivalent for "top," but it is more important that the construction *summus mons* should be suggested, and here it is. Again, the authors have been careful to guard against the use of post-classical words and phrases. Words not authorised by the usage of Virgil, Ovid, and Horace in the *Odes* have the author's name appended, and the necessary warning is given with such words as *melos*, which may be used in lyrics, but not in elegiacs. Another excellent feature in the book is the frequent reference to Latin poetry. Thus, under the head "parrot," the reader is referred to Ovid's dainty little elegy in the *Amores* on Corinna's parrot, a passage full of useful hints for young versifiers. There is one difficulty in compiling a verse dictionary which Messrs. Ainger and Wintle have not quite met. This is the frequent occurrence in English verse, and especially in ballads suitable for turning into elegiacs, of words poetical or archaic, the meaning of which may be unknown to many boys. Of course, the best solution of the difficulty is to have the English passage read over and explained in form; but masters, whether from lack of time or other causes, do not always adopt this plan. A good many such words are to be found in this dictionary; but others are not, and we fancy that a good solution of the difficulty would be to append to the book a list of such words with the most ordinary English equivalent of each, which could then be looked out in the body of the work. A glossary of this kind would not merely be a considerable help to boys, but would, in the long run, save space. We find, for example, in this book "breastplate," "corset," "hauberk," "habergeon," all pretty nearly synonymous, and all having the same Latin equivalent. A boy might look out "hauberk," duly render it by *lorica*, and go calmly on his way without knowing the meaning of either English or Latin; and if any one says that no boy would do this, he knows not the easy-going ways of youth. Have not we who write been contented with such a line as

Muscosus equites errantes margine cernit,

and received the much-needed explanation that the writer meant "Moss-troopers roaming on the Border"? There are two points on which the opinions of schoolmasters will be divided. The first is, whether it was expedient to give the quantities of all syllables, instead of marking only those which are doubtful, and leaving the rest to be arrived at by the rules of prosody. On this point we shall content ourselves with echoing the judgment of Mr. Spectator on the sign of the "Saracen's Head." The other is, should epithets be given, or should they not? Advocates of the latter course will urge that it encourages thought, while the former to some extent super-sedes it; but we hold that in the earlier stages of verse-making boys need all the help they can get, and that such help as we find here rather promotes than checks thought. For Messrs. Ainger and Wintle do not give their epithets in Latin, but in English, and, if only to save himself the trouble of fruitless looking-out, a boy will select for his noun an epithet suitable to the context. When this book is used there will be no more of such *Gradus*-built couplets as the following:—

Per gelidos colles celeri pede tarda senectus
Incedit, rapido quos foveat igne dies;

* *The World's Great Explorers—The Life of Ferdinand Magellan, and the Circumnavigation of the Globe, 1480-81.* By F. H. H. Guillemand, M.A., M.D. Cantab. London: George Philip. 1890.

* *An English-Latin Gradus, or Verse-Dictionary.* Compiled by A. C. Ainger, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and H. G. Wintle, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, Assistant-Masters in Eton College. London: John Murray.

or of such lines as

En, venit aspectu virgo pudibunda protervo,
examples which can be matched from the recollections of most schoolmasters.

A parting word of praise is due to the careful accuracy with which the book has been prepared. Slips there must be, we suppose, but a minute examination, supplemented by experiment on suitable *corpora vicia*, has failed to reveal to us a single error, even a misplaced mark of quantity.

BROADSWORD AND SINGLESTICK.*

ONE of the drawbacks to the modern fashion of "Series" is that books have to be produced whether they are really wanted or not. In the matter of sabre-play, the late Mr. J. M. Waite's *Lessons* (which are not out of print that we know of) contain in a clear and orderly form everything that most learners can desire, and much that even a skilled teacher may profit by; while Captain Hutton's *Cold Steel*, published only last year, meets the wishes of the more curious amateur by its workmanlike substance, its excellent illustrations, and the general elegance of its production. Thus Mr. R. G. Allanson-Winn and Mr. C. Phillips-Wolley, who have undertaken *Broadsword and Singlestick* (with quarter-staff and other weapons of sorts thrown in) for the "All-England Series" have somewhat formidable predecessors to compete with. We cannot say they have succeeded. We need not doubt their practical competence as amateurs; but their work shows defective power of exposition and arrangement, inadequate knowledge of the history of their subject, and total want of acquaintance with Continental swordsmanship. One sentence, about an institution so well known and so often described by English writers as the German *Schläger* duel, is so far from being *Commentmässig* that it makes three mistakes in four lines. Then a treatise on sabre-play is not improved in lucidity by the separate treatment of sabre and singlestick from different and almost opposed points of view. Mr. Allanson-Winn is rightly of opinion that a sword is a sword and a stick is a stick; Mr. Phillips-Wolley does not seem at all clear about it. We cannot think that a beginner will derive anything but bewilderment from a book so put together. System there is none, in any part of it. Being a volume in a series, and cheap, the book may probably sell; we cannot recommend it on its merits.

SOMERSET RECORDS.†

OLD wills—provided that they are old enough—are generally pleasant reading, for they tell us much about the social life of the times to which they belong. The summaries which the Rev. F. W. Weaver has made of wills formerly deposited at the Probate Registry of Wells, and dated for the most part between 1527 and 1536, contain a great deal of information of this kind. The wills are given in a short and convenient form; each summary is headed with the name and abode of the testator, and the date of the will; then follow brief statements, in the original spelling, of specific legacies; and lastly come the names of the residuary legatee, the "overseers," and the witnesses. To the later wills are also appended the date and place of probate, and the value of the effects. Most of the wills are in English, and explanations of unusual terms, and references which will enable the reader to learn more about some of the persons mentioned in the text are supplied in the margin. In a large number of cases the first witness is the parson of the parish, who frequently drew up his parishioners' wills for them. The pious legacies, which appear in greater or less number in all, or nearly all, the wills, throw some light on the habit of adopting in each parish certain objects for special devotion, and the system on which contributions were made on their behalf. In some parishes these special devotions were numerous; at Dulverton, for example, there were as many as twelve of them. For the most part they were supported by brotherhoods or guilds, each guild taking one as its peculiar care. Grants were made out of the common fund for the maintenance of the guild-service, and legacies of money or of articles of value were left for the same purpose by members of the guild and by other parishioners also.

Full information as to the working of the principle of association for the maintenance of special devotions, will be found in the volume of *Church-Wardens' Accounts*, lately edited for the Somerset Record Society by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse. The accounts, which are taken from the churchwardens' books of six parishes in Somerset, and range from 1349 to 1560, are introduced by a thoughtful preface dealing with the church life of the parish. After noting that the liability of the parishioners to maintain their church—though arising *in foro conscientiae*, and accordingly, as may be gathered from Mr. Weaver's *Wills*, urged on testators by the clergy—was, if needful, enforced by the Church courts; the Bishop proceeds to point out how funds were raised

* *Broadsword and Singlestick*. By R. G. Allanson-Winn and C. Phillips-Wolley. London: Bell & Sons. 1890.

† *Wells Wills*. Arranged in Parishes and annotated by Frederic William Weaver, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Church-Wardens' Accounts of Crocombe, Pilton, Yatton, Tintinhull, Mendip, and St. Michaels, Bath, 1349-1560. Edited by Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse (Late Bishop of Nelson, N.Z.). Printed for Subscribers, by the Somerset Record Society. 1890.

for the purpose. One case only is known to him in which the vote of a rate by a majority of parishioners was held to bind the minority; this was at Bridgwater, where certain defaulters were called to answer for their non-payment in the Archdeacon's Court. The part taken by the Church in promoting popular amusements was a fruitful source of income, and Church Ales became the commonest of the means adopted by the wardens for eliciting the bounty of their fellow-parishioners. With these festivals was closely connected the Church-house, the "focus of the social life of the parish," which, "beginning with a bake-house for the holy wafer and holy loaf," grew into a place of entertainment, an intermediate step being its use as a brew-house for the brewing and sale of holy ale for the benefit of the church funds. At Tintinhull the Church-house seems to have been completed in 1497, when two shillings were received by the wardens for allowing private brewings there. Ales were, of course, held in the parish before that date, specially on St. Margaret's Day, the festival of the dedication of the church. To the Tintinhull Ales came the people of the neighbouring parishes of Montacute and Stoke, and the Tintinhull parishioners returned these visits when their neighbours held their Ales, the visitors in each case taking their offerings with them. When, for some reason or other, the Tintinhull people did not attend the Montacute Ale in 1513, their wardens made an offering for the parish, entering in their accounts, "It. laid owt at the Churche ale at Montague for the deflawt of apparence of our neybars xxd." So, too, in 1447, the Yatton wardens enter "servicia [cerevisia] ecclesie de Congarisberi iv.d." The Church Ales and wakes became scenes of disorder, and an attack was made upon them by Chief Justice Richardson in 1632; Bishop Hobhouse has, we think, been misled as to the year by not allowing for the difference between O. S. and N. S. Richardson was soundly rated by Laud for his interference, and as he left the Archbishop's presence declared, with tears, that he had "been almost choked by a pair of lawn sleeves"; he, not, of course, the Lord Keeper Coventry, as is suggested here, was forced to withdraw his order as to the Ales. William Piers, Bishop of Bath and Wells, wrote the Archbishop a letter, given in Prynne's *Canterburies Doom*, and reprinted here, declaring that the Ales were harmless and useful. An important part of the warden's funds was derived from the guilds of which we have already spoken; for each guild had its feast-day when it gathered money, and after it had paid the sum required for its special purposes, it handed over a contribution to the churchwardens. At Crocombe, where the church accounts, as given here, extend from 1474 to 1560, the guild system was carried out with singular completeness; for we find guilds of Young Men, Maidens, Webbers (Weavers), Tuckers (Fullers), Archers, represented by Robin Hood and Little John, Hoggiers (labourers), and once of Wives, presenting their offerings in the church. The act is dramatically described by such entries in the Accounts as "Comes the maydyng & presents in xvi.s. iiid ob," and "Comys Robyn Hode & presents in xxiijs. viij.d." Many of the guilds had a store of live-stock managed by their wardens, and the wardens of the church had in like manner to farm for its benefit, and received gifts both by will and otherwise of sheep, cows, and bees for the increase of the church-stock. Generosity was also stimulated by the custom of keeping a "Bede-roll," or "Martilege." A roll of this kind is given in the Morebath accounts; it was read over to the parishioners on high-days, and "their prayers were bidden on behalf of the donors, *pro bono statu*, if living, *pro salute animæ* if dead"; and by it "schall ye see & knoo how this churche was prevaylyd by the dethe of all those persons that here after ys expressyd by name." Some instances will be found of the performance of plays, which also brought in money to the church funds. In 1452 five parishioners of Tintinhull presented 6s. 8d. to the wardens "de incremento unius ludi vocati Christmase play." Taking the accounts as his guide, the Bishop has worked out a complete picture of the ecclesiastical side of parochial life during the latter part of the middle ages. In the course of his preface he remarks that churchwardens were wholly free from civil functions until the reign of Henry VIII., when they were called upon to provide equipments for soldiers; their duties in connexion with the relief of the poor began in the next reign. Many entries in the Yatton accounts refer to the changes in worship effected in the sixteenth century. In 1548 the wardens paid 12d. for the taking down of the images in the church, in 1552 a carpenter received 3s. 4d. for "makynge the tabull in the chausell," and 4s. 4d. was expended on a "boke for the Communion." As soon as Mary came to the throne, large sums were laid out in replacing the old books and ornaments of the church, and in 1559 fresh expenses were incurred by the removal of the Rood and the "plucking down of the Images." The volume is furnished with a useful glossary and a good index. The Somerset Record Society has been fortunate in receiving the help of an ecclesiastical antiquary of such sound learning as Bishop Hobhouse, who, besides his present work, has edited for the Council the *Register of Bishop Drokensford*, noticed here at the time of its appearance. Each of the four volumes which the Society has printed during the four years of its existence contains some valuable contribution to our knowledge of the past; in the one on which we have been writing there is much to delight, not only serious students, but every one capable of enjoying a vivid representation of one side of English life in bygone times.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.*

AMONG the losses which Oxford has sustained by death during the current year, none has been felt more deeply than that of the Rev. Aubrey Moore, late Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, who died in January last. Both as Examining Chaplain to the late and to the present Bishop of Oxford, and as the deputy of the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, he had large opportunities of influencing candidates for Holy Orders. His influence was uniformly excellent; he was a sound Churchman, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and a man of blameless life and undoubted piety. His lectures on ecclesiastical history were well attended and highly valued, and the volume before us has been edited by one of his personal friends, the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, in response to many requests, as a memorial of the lectures themselves and as "a tribute of respect and affection" for the lecturer. Although it is impossible not to sympathize with the motives which inspired Mr. Coolidge to undertake this task, we think that he has acted unwisely. The lectures were not left by Mr. Moore in a finished state; indeed, we are told that he "had expressed his intention of rewriting them before publication"; some of them are represented here by bare notes, others may be presumed to be little more than rough outlines, and even some of the more completely written lack the polish that they would undoubtedly have received from the author had he been spared to prepare them for press. We do not think it fair to Mr. Moore's memory to send out into the world under his name a book made up out of materials held by him to need such a thorough revision as would have entailed rewriting, and eking out here and there by the help of scraps from his pupils' note-books. As regards the matter of the volume we can only say that, while we can easily understand that the young men for whom the lectures were written found them interesting and instructive, they do not generally appear to us to be important as a contribution to learning. Among those best worth preservation is the lecture on the Ordinal of 1550, which contains a vigorous and well-considered defence of the validity of Anglican orders. The lectures on the reign of Elizabeth are, as a rule, the most finished. Referring to the meetings for separate worship held by the deprived clergy in 1566 as the first schism in the English Church, Mr. Moore said:—

What was the principle involved in the schism? Really whether the English Church is a new one, or the old Church reformed. The Anglo-Catholics fought for its continuity and identity. The Separatists wanted a new Church on the Swiss model. They looked upon the English Church as suffering from "arrested development." This was shown when the attack was gradually shifted from the surplice to episcopacy. If bishop meant superintendent, the Separatists did not object; if bishop meant bishop, it was papistry (p. 269).

In a later lecture he pointed out that the persecution of the Independents was "the work of the State, not the Church," and that the Barrovians were supposed, even by the Puritans themselves, to be dangerous to the State. On the question whether they are entitled to be called martyrs, he quoted the rule "Causa non pena facit martyres," and urged that they did not suffer in the cause of liberty of conscience, but of "a particular theory of the Church, which they wished the State to enforce at the point of the sword"; that they were not, therefore, "apostles of toleration." The next lecture but one, on "The Church and the Papists," was never written, and the editor of the volume has supplied its place with an article contributed by himself to the *Guardian*, which, he believes, was, or would have been, used in its composition. Some articles and reviews by Mr. Moore are also reprinted from the *Guardian*. The most interesting of them, on "Zwingli and Zwingianism," was delivered as a lecture. If Mr. Moore had revised the matter printed here, he would probably, we think, have altered what he wrote as to the drift of the first article of the Great Charter, and his editor has surely done him scant justice in publishing a series of rough notes, in one of which John à Lasco is described as a Lutheran—"Influx of Lutherans—Bucer, Peter Martyr, John à Lasco, &c." (p. 500).

BOOKS IN SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.†

IT has long been a jest against Oxford Dons, and particularly against the generation of them which immediately succeeded the first Commission, that their existence was not complete without putting down a book on the "forthcoming" lists of the Clarendon Press, and then carefully abstaining from producing it. There are said to have been instances which remained thus some

* *Lectures and Papers on the History of the Reformation in England and on the Continent*. By the late Aubrey Lackington Moore, M.A., Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Examining Chaplain to the late and present Lord Bishop of Oxford, Fellow, Tutor, and Dean of Divinity of Magdalen College, and Tutor of Keble College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

† *Bacon's Essays*. Edited by S. H. Reynolds. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

The Works of Robert Davenport. Edited by A. H. Bullen. Privately printed. 1890.

The Palace of Pleasure. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. 3 vols. London: Nutt. 1890.

Epistola HoEliana. 2 vols. London: Stott. 1890.

The Defence of Poetry. By Sir Philip Sidney. Edited by A. S. Cook. Boston (Mass.): Ginn. 1890.

five-and-twenty years in limbo—unborn, and hardly even conceived. The book which heads our list is the very *Dionysus* of such things; having, after long gestation by Mr. Thursfield, been at last kindly re-fathered and mothered by Mr. Reynolds, and happily ushered into the world. To drop the figurative style, its first designer, either too busy or not busy enough to finish it, turned it over to Mr. Reynolds, who tells us (and we can readily believe him) that he found it practically necessary to begin it over again. Nothing is more difficult, and few things are less satisfactory, than to work on another man's lines. We have no doubt that it would have been an excellent book if Mr. Thursfield had done it; we are sure that it is an excellent book as it appears. Few books have been more edited than Bacon's *Essays*, Mr. Aldis Wright's edition in particular being in its own way a model; and it cannot have been easy to imprint a character of originality on any fresh issue of it. But Mr. Reynolds has succeeded in doing this. In the first place, he has displayed great learning, and still more diligence, in hunting up Bacon's constant, but loose and vague, quotations—a line of work followed, of course, before, but never so successfully. In the second place, he has taken a different, and a very usefully different, view of the language and phraseology of the book from that which has been usual. Mr. Wright thinks that there are few difficulties in the *Essays*; Mr. Reynolds that they bristle with difficulties. The fact is that both are right. To the reader who comes to them prepared with a previous knowledge of Elizabethan writers, or who is content to understand without exactly nailing down the words to the meaning, they offer very few obstacles. To any one who says "Let us be accurate. Supposing I knew nothing but modern—i.e. post-Addisonian—English, and had to limit myself strictly to my knowledge, should I understand this?" there are much older writers than Bacon who offer far less difficulty. Hence it is very useful to have a commentator who takes this point of view. Lastly (and, except his diligence as a quotation hunter, we think this is his strongest point), Mr. Reynolds considers the *Essays* from first to last in a decidedly fresh and original way, as illustrations of personal character. Bacon has had plenty of enemies, but his editors (under the charm probably of his magnificent literary faculty) have generally been his partisans. Mr. Reynolds is of the other faction, to an extent which will shock pupils of Mr. Spedding. He does not, indeed, take the old paradoxical contrast-view which makes Bacon a compound of undoubted demi-god and undoubted scoundrel. A typical Renaissance statesman of the lower kind and a typical Renaissance man of letters of the very highest—these words, though they are not his, would, we think, pretty accurately sum up Mr. Reynolds's estimate of Bacon. And the *Essays* no doubt afford ample opportunity for making out the description. We ought, perhaps, to add that the book is an exceedingly handsome one; and then we shall have said enough to show that for a library edition it will not be easy to beat.

Mr. Bullen has presented his subscribers with the third volume of his new series of Old Plays, containing the works of Robert Davenport. Of these *King John* and *Matilda* and *The City Night Cap* have been long known to students of Elizabethan literature. The third play, *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, founded in part on an old-world *fable* story, the earliest English version of which is probably the Dunbarian or pseudo-Dunbarian *Friars of Berwick*, is less known, but interesting; and, though the minor poems which Mr. Bullen has added are not great shakes, they are in place. Of Davenport himself, nothing is known; but he ranks with quite the best of the latest division of so-called Elizabethan dramatists—that is to say, those who wrote in the second quarter of the seventeenth century, and were in strictness Caroline, though Davenport himself produced at least two plays in the last years of James I. Indeed, *King John* and *Matilda* (except for the infallible test of gradually breaking down blank verse) has snatches of a far older time, and might have been written in the days of our James, at any rate, if not in those of Eliza herself. The work is quite worthy of this handsome series, which, if its subscribers are wise, will some day be a possession of no small value, and not as those which (owing to this cause or that) are hardly finished before they can be bought for about a tithe of what their hapless constituents have paid for them.

It is satisfactory to find that there are in England publishers who have the pluck to produce such a book as Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; though we really are not sure that so much good print and paper might not have been spent to better purpose. Three huge volumes, containing perhaps thirteen or fourteen hundred quarto pages, doth the *Palace* occupy, and almost its whole literary interest consists in the fact that the great men of the Elizabethan period read it, and borrowed plots from its translations of foreign stories. Surely the 172 copies of Haswood's reprint (from which this in turn is reprinted, with collations of the early editions) might have sufficed for the very few persons who want to consult Painter as a whole, or to verify the citations from him made by Shakspearian and other commentators? However, it is doubtless well to reprint too much rather than too little. Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who edits the book, has contributed an introduction which is brisk and fine, and not unpleasing reading. There are, indeed, slips in it. Mr. Jacobs, when he says (quite correctly) that Bonaventure des Periers probably assisted Marguerite of Navarre in the *Heptameron*, most unluckily adds that Bonaventure had already written things of the kind, "such as the *Cymbalum Mundi*." He means, of course, Des Periers's other work, the *Contes et joyeux Devis*. But he is almost certainly right in holding that Ascham in a famous passage was glancing at Painter for his

"loose tales." The said Painter seems to have been a very ingenious man; for when Clerk of the Ordnance he moved stores from one arsenal to another, charging them as new purchases, and pocketing the money. And perhaps Ascham, in his zeal for archery, hated him all the more for having to do with villainous saltpetre.

If it be true that, as Mr. W. H. Bennett, the editor of this pretty little edition of Howell's Letters, says, they are "almost entirely unknown to the general reader," so much the worse for the general reader. We should have thought that Thackeray's eulogy, which Mr. Bennett quotes, must have sent many such readers to them. The lack of modern editions, which is a fact, is partly explicable by the great abundance of the old. Still, it is rather odd that more reprints have not been called for, and the book most certainly deserved the place which it has received in Mr. Stott's pretty miniature library, the print of which (as is not the case in some miniature libraries) is intelligently large as well as clear. Mr. Bennett's introduction is careful and good; the notes, though not many, are sufficient and well informed, and the text asserts itself to be, and we doubt not is, carefully revised. Such revision is particularly necessary in the case of a book which was constantly reprinted at a time when reprints were even more carelessly executed than they are at present. But the fact is that Howell is always pleasing. We do not know that Mr. Thackeray selected exactly the right word in calling him "priggish," unless a more genial sense be given to that word than is usual. Certainly, if he was a prig, he was not a bad prig. He had the Welsh egotism and the Welsh coxcombry and pedantry; but he had also Welsh good qualities, which made him deserve to be a countryman of Fluellen. It is perhaps undesirable to read too much of him at a time; but he is quite admirable to dip into, and to read on journeys, and to read when you are tired, and, in short, for various uses, which are among the most precious, if also among the least pretentious, offices of books.

Professor Albert Cook, who has already done good work in modern literature, has produced a useful edition of Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*—to give it the commoner title. There is a tolerably elaborate introduction and very full notes, containing much information on the vocabulary of the piece, and a great many parallel passages and authorities ancient and modern. We do not like a paper of specimen questions which we find in our copy, but, as it is separately paged, and not even bound up with the rest, so shamed-faced an appearance shall win it mercy. If we have a fault to find with Professor Cook, it is his habit—a habit which we have noted in American scholars frequently of late, and which they seem to have borrowed from German models—of never giving an opinion of his own when he can quote from some other authority. This is modest, but we think mistaken. Literary tubs should stand upon their own bottoms; and if a man is qualified to profess a language, he is qualified to give his own opinion, and not merely that of the great Jones or the little great Robinson. We are also somewhat surprised to find Professor Cook taking hardly any note of the fact that Sidney's criticism, so far from pointing the way to the "melodious bursts" that actually followed, would, had it been obeyed, have stifled those bursts altogether. But the intelligent student will soon find this out for himself, and many things that Professor Cook tells him he would not so find.

We may recommend an excellent edition of the text of *Macbeth* from the First Folio, with the variants of the others, by A. Wagner (Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt). There is no commentary; but, for educational use or literary reference, it is a most valuable edition of the text.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL TEXT-BOOKS.*

MR. EUSTACE'S *Trigonometry* is a good practical introduction, up to measurement of heights and distances, or simple areas. There is no investigation of the method of calculating logarithms nor any proof of the logarithmic series; and indeed these, though essential, ought perhaps to be relegated to treatises on algebra proper. On the other hand, we think that the theory of proportional parts ought not, in the interest of the inquiring student, to be assumed without a word of explanation. The geometrical proofs of formulæ are good, though sometimes—e.g. p. 77—a simpler mode could be given. In two of the diagrams

* *Notes on Trigonometry and Logarithms*. By the Rev. J. M. Eustace, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Manual of Logarithms for the use of Students preparing for Army and other Examinations. By G. F. Matthews, B.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Geometrical Conics. Part I. The Parabola. By Rev. J. J. Milne, M.A., and R. F. Davis, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Theoretical Mechanics. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

Elementary Text-Book of Dynamics and Hydrostatics. Second edition. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

Elementary Text-Book of Trigonometry. New edition. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

Examination Papers in Trigonometry. By G. H. Ward, M.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1890.

Natural Science Examination Papers. By R. E. Steel, M.A. Part II. Physics. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Sound, Light, and Heat. By J. Spencer, B.Sc. London: Percival & Co. 1890.

we note a fault, one of the mariner's compass, p. 266; the other on p. 11, where the arc A Q is obviously too long, or A P too short. Mr. Eustace treats the subjects of "limits" clearly.

Mr. Matthews' Manual is not only obviously a sound work for illustrating in detail the application of logarithms to arithmetical and trigonometrical purposes, but supplies a good summary of the theory; the main propositions being clearly set forth, with well-chosen brief proofs, and ample illustrations. This work will, we imagine, become speedily a standard text-book of the classes preparing for our army examinations. "Annuities" occupy some seven large pages, and the same space is devoted to a full discussion of the Napierian and common systems of logarithms.

From Mr. Milne, whose *Weekly Problem Papers* and their "Companion" we formerly had occasion to speak well of, there now arrives, with Mr. Davis as joint-author, a neat manual of the geometrical properties of the parabola. The propositions are apparently suitably arranged to form a continuous treatise, with consistent notation of the figures throughout—the latter a valuable feature. A simpler proof of Prop. XIV. occurs to us; and a corollary to it should always be exhibited as the basis of the geometrical theory of projectiles. There is good store of examples for practice, with an appendix of valuable hints for their solution.

Three elementary works by Mr. Pinkerton require only a short notice, two of them being second and improved editions of books formerly reviewed. The "Theoretical Mechanics" is a neat manual of such principles, facts, and illustrations of the science of dynamics as are suitable for the "first stage" of the Science and Art Examination, or the London Matriculation. The book includes a chapter on Hydrostatics and another on Pneumatics; and concludes with 30 pp. of selected examination questions. The only fault we note is an inconsistency in the notation used; so that a symbol meaning "divided by the square of sec." is put instead of "per second per second." If a contraction must be used for the latter phrase because it frequently recurs, why not put *p.* " *p.*", which is almost self-explanatory?

Mr. Ward's *Papers in Trigonometry* is a collection of graduated examples, ranging from what he terms "English" and "French" measurement of angles to the summation of series. Mr. Steel's "Physics" belongs to the same series, intended for school examinations, and gives sets of papers on the subjects "sound," "heat," "light," "magnetism," and "electricity." By the method of this series the answers to questions are given in a separate book, which must naturally render these manuals less valuable for many students.

Mr. Spencer's class-book on "Sound, Light, and Heat" is evidently drawn up from actual experience as a teacher; and will prove well adapted to prepare students for the elementary stage of those subjects in the Science and Art Department's examinations or those of the London Matriculation. The text is supplied with clearly-drawn diagrams, of a kind that are easily reproduced by pupils.

THREE BOOKS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.*

HOME Life on an Ostrich Farm is the delightful story of a buoyant temperament, making the best of things and rising triumphantly superior to a succession of difficulties. Mrs. Martin has not only much that is interesting to tell, but she tells it with a brightness of style that shows real literary genius. *Home Life* is an admirable and practical handbook for intending colonists and their wives. She protests consistently that she thoroughly enjoyed herself, and that she will always look back with pleasure on her happy days in South Africa. As matter of fact, she went through a deal of trouble, and she is candid enough in all conscience as to the sorrows which darkened her existence. The ostrich farm taken by her husband was situated in the Karoo, and Nature had saved costly wire-railing on one side by fencing it in with a formidable range of mountains. Yet even the mountains were by no means an unmixed benefit, for they sheltered leopards and jackals, which preyed upon the flocks, and fierce baboons, which scared the ostriches. And it appears that, though an ostrich can kick like a horse, its legs are so extremely brittle as to snap on the slightest provocation. When it is alarmed, or even when disporting itself in the playful dances in which it delights, it is very likely to get a compound fracture. And when an ostrich comes under the hands of doctor or surgeon, science is almost invariably baffled by constitutional depression. The patient may seem to be doing extremely well, and all the symptoms may appear in favour of recovery. But it is pretty sure to stop short of actual convalescence, and the drugs and dressings alike are wasted. Even if it be killed for the larder when an accident occurs, you cannot make salvage of much of the bulky body. The flesh, so far as it goes, is said to be excellent; but it all runs to the thighs, and the rest of the lanky framework is mere skeleton and skin. When you have made soup of the thighs and devilled the drumsticks, all is over. Moreover, ostriches, even in robust health, are aggravating fowls on which to depend for a livelihood. Their being frightened by baboons is excusable enough;

* *Home Life on an Ostrich Farm*. By Annie Martin. London: Phillips & Sons. 1890.

City Boys in the Woods; or, a Trapping Venture in Maine. By Henry P. Wells. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

How "No. 1" became "11" in Norway. By J. Maitland Stuart. London: Hutchinson & Co.

for the baboon, with his savage features and surly bark, is as repulsive-looking as he is really formidable. But the ostriches will go simultaneously into a panic over nothing, and they take to flight, like the wicked, when neither man nor beast thinks of pursuing. And when they do flee, they either dash headlong into the wire-fencing, or, with their short wings and their long sprawling legs, they go straight ahead into the wilderness. Then Hottentot or Caffre riders must be sent in pursuit, and native servants are as scatterbrained as the ostriches; so that the odds are greatly against the birds being recovered. The owner's name or mark is always branded on the thigh by a somewhat cruel process; but the felonious practice has been brought to great perfection of effacing it by superimposing a broader mark. Each pair of birds is consigned to a fenced paddock of about one hundred acres, and peregrinations on an ostrich farm are by no means free from danger. The cock is apt to turn vicious, and his determined charge is even more fatal than that of a bull; for, having struck down the intruder on his feeding grounds, he proceeds to trample him to death. So no one goes abroad unprotected by the "tackey," which is a strong branch of mimosa with the thorns left on at the end. The thorns when thrust in the bird's face compel him to close his eyes, and then the bearer of the branch gains time for a fresh start before the bird pulls itself together to renew the attack. We should say that, even with the skill and nerve of a Spanish *matador*, the game was somewhat too exciting to be played habitually in so sultry a climate. As to the climate, no doubt it is delightfully invigorating, and a surer specific for lung disease in its early stages than any lymph that is likely to be compounded in Berlin. But, especially in the Karoo, the protracted droughts make farming of all kinds tryingly speculative. When we are told that three really wet days in the year would suffice for all the farmer's needs, we see how terribly precarious the rainfall must be. Day after day, the tantalizing clouds will bank up, to disperse again without letting down one drop of moisture. To be sure, when the rain does come, it descends with a vengeance. The dry watercourses turn into raging torrents, sweeping away any live stock that may have taken refuge in the snug nooks and corners; the embankments of the reservoirs very probably give way, instead of holding back the invaluable fluid, and Mrs. Martin gives a pathetic description of being washed on one occasion out of her comfortable bedroom, and seeing the contents of a luxuriously fitted little drawing-room ruined. Neither thatch nor the flat roof of corrugated zinc can be guaranteed to hold good against the deluge. The droughts and intense heat are fatal to good housekeeping. There is no butter for the possessors of a dairy through great part of the year, and recourse must be had to abominable substitutes. The cows dry up; there is no cream and little milk. When a sheep or an Angora goat is slaughtered, the blue-bottles, or rather "green-bottles," swarm to the carcass, which must be carefully protected by mosquito nets. The meat begins to turn high immediately, and even strong solutions of brine will not preserve it for more than a day or two. Fowls are consequently the great standby, with an occasional interlude of game. Mrs. Martin gives a horrible picture of the filth and carelessness of the native cooks. In fact, in South Africa, servants of all kinds must be emphatically "the greatest plague of life." The mistress must always be on the alert, and it appears that, if it were not for the honour and dignity of the thing, she might as well dispense with domestics altogether. She would not only save board and wages, but crockery and house-linen and indefinite waste. Nor are the men much better than the maids; and Mrs. Martin's husband used to rise himself each day before daybreak, that he might waken his drowsy herds, and send them afield to their duties. Moreover, the housewife sends out the rations from a store resembling the "general merchant's" shop in Scotland, and that daily duty is no sinecure. The servants, who are treated with excessive liberality, will always suspect their employers of cheating; even examining the familiar scales with a cunning grin, although incapable of detecting any tampering with the balance.

But the great charm of Mrs. Martin's book is the inimitable description of her domesticated animals. Sympathizing with her sympathy for their winning ways and quaint idiosyncrasies, we must say nevertheless that she and her husband were the most long-suffering of mortals. With the exception of Toto, the English collie, the pets were all so many incarnations of the spirit of mischief. There were the meercats, who did more harm to curtains, carpets, &c., than any number of vivacious puppies; there was Bobby the raven, who was an irreclaimable thief, as thoroughly "up to snuff" of all sorts as the Artful Dodger, and who shamefully abused the confidence of his benefactors; and there was a playful young baboon, who, after having scattered a bottleful of diamonds, wrecking the works of a watch and the entire contents of a tent, wound up by making his teeth meet in the leg of his justly irritated master. Most comical of all is the portrait, with illustrative description, of Jacob, the solemn secretary bird. Jacob, who was a finished actor and impostor, always exaggerated the airs of a sickly sorrowful old man, and, with his insatiable appetite, would profess to be starving when really gorged to repletion. Kittens were his favourite article of diet, and litters of them were brought him from houses in the neighbourhood. On one occasion he seized one, and made a bolt of it before the preliminary ceremony of knocking it on the head. The kitten, being so far not much the worse, mewed plaintively from Jacob's interior. Jacob was sorly puzzled as to where the sound came from. On second thoughts, it struck him that there must

be a second kitten in the grass somewhere near, so he proceeded immediately to an unsuccessful search.

City Boys in the Woods is a story of American adventure. It is said to be strictly founded upon facts, and we see every reason to believe that. Mr. Wells is evidently a master in woodcraft, and understands thoroughly what he is writing about. The scenes of the adventures are in the picturesque wilderness which, covering the northern districts of the State of Maine, stretches beyond the Canadian frontiers. We confess we had no idea that there was such an extent of seldom-trodden solitudes fairly stocked with fur-bearing animals and the rarer species of big game within tolerably easy reach of populous industrial cities. But the two city boys were keenly alive to the fact. The sons of wealthy merchants, they begged to be allowed to fit themselves out for a season's hunting and trapping. The indulgent parents may misdoubt the boys' sporting gifts, but having every faith in their steadiness, generously "plank down the dollars." We may remark that, though that particular phrase has been borrowed by ourselves, the book is racy with American idioms. The boys do fit themselves out, regardless of expense, with a variety of articles more or less useful. Besides the arms, ammunition, and iron traps, the boat they have hired for river navigation is heavily laden with a quantity of grocery stores. The start is intensely discouraging; they see very little game; they miss the rare chances they do get; they cannot kindle fires; the cooking is execrable; and, finally, the grave difficulties of the sylvan navigation culminate in the boat going to the bottom. These babes in the wood are left absolutely destitute in the trackless recesses of an unknown forest, made well-nigh impracticable by "wind-falls." It would have been a case of slow death by starvation, and of the American robins paying the funeral honours to the corpses, had not a veteran trapper come to the rescue. Mr. Dant is a highly respectable man, and omniscient as to the woods and their inhabitants. It may be said of him that anything he doesn't know ain't worth knowing. He takes a great fancy to his young friends, who have cast themselves on his hospitality, and takes every pains to teach them everything. Thanks to the weather, the rough woods, and the long distances, they suffer considerable hardships. But they have the luck to kill both moose and caribou; and they are instructed in all the methods of shooting these animals, from calling through a horn to flashing with a lantern. Most instructive are the elaborate notes on natural history, generally enlivened by anecdotes and Mr. Dant's personal reminiscences; and we learn from them, by the way, that the intelligence of the beaver has been absurdly exaggerated, and that the architectural skill attributed to the beast is in great measure mythical. Most interesting, perhaps, are Mr. Dant's remarks on the dangers and hardships of the solitary trapper. In reality, the first essential is skill in the use of the axe, since fuel or shelter must be procured on the shortest notice; and it appears, moreover, that the narrow-bladed American axe is an awkward weapon even in practised hands. The account of the severity of the trapper's winter labours is enough to make the stay-at-home Christian shudder; and since each night he must skin all the animals he has trapped, he often cannot turn in beneath the temporary bark shanty till midnight, though he must be up and out again at daybreak. In fact, if Mr. Dant had not made a point of resting on the Sundays, he must have worn himself down into even finer condition than that in which the boys found him. We may add that the volume is delightfully illustrated.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the book on Norway, nor does it greatly signify. It is persistently funny, and almost invariably dull. "How No. 1 became 1½" is a pleasant paraphrase for intimating that Mr. Stuart fell in love during his Norwegian wanderings, and that marriage duly followed flirtations and courtship. We do not say that there are not lively passages, and we come now and again on a rather happy description of scenery. But we resent having continually to disentangle the writer's meaning from involved passages darkened by this drollery, as if we were wrestling with a crabbed text in the "fathers," simply because he will insist on being consistently comical through something like 320 pages.

NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from Messrs. Frost & Reed, of 8 Clare Street, Bristol, two engravings by Mr. John Finnie. They are examples of pure mezzotint, an artistic process so unusual nowadays as to deserve all the attention which can fairly be given to it. Nor is it difficult to praise Mr. Finnie's work, although it is a little too theatrical in its chiaroscuro. "The Windmill" is a landscape of a mill on a slight elevation, with a pool below it, seen with the rising moon in the background. This effective plate suffers from a little flatness and want of relief. We prefer "Capel Curig," with its stormy sky in the manner of Cecil Lawson, and its rich lights on water and foliage, falling from a moon which is out of sight above us. The publication of each of these picturesque works of art is absolutely limited to one hundred and twenty-five signed impressions.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. have sent us a large gouill-gravure, "An Al-Fresco Toilet." This is taken from one of those somewhat gaudy and histrionic compositions of life as it is supposed

to proceed in Venice, for which Mr. Fildes so long abandoned his humbler and truer English studios. This large print may be popular; we cannot call it interesting.

TURNER'S RICHMONDSHIRE.*

ALL admirers of Turner who agree with Mr. Ruskin's estimate of the artist's Yorkshire drawings—and it is hard to conceive there are many dissenters—cannot but feel deep interest in the work of contemporary engravers of Turner. The noble folio, *Richmondshire*, illustrated by Turner, comprises twenty line engravings, printed on India paper and handsomely mounted, is, indeed, as Mr. Marcus B. Huish says, "a distinct gain to Art literature." That these plates should come to light again, and in excellent condition, must certainly be considered fortunate; still more fortunate is it that so admirable a form of presenting them once again should have been suggested by Mr. Huish. These engravings are of twofold interest. First, they afford excellent material for comparing the various styles of interpreting Turner's very complex and difficult work adopted by the school of English engravers of the period. Secondly, as Mr. Huish points out, the engravings are valuable apart from their connexion with Turner, as representative of a stage in the history of engravings—that between the school of Woollett and his pupils and the later masters, such as Miller. The *Richmondshire* series includes examples by most of the chief line-engravers of the first period of the century. Three are by John Pye, and two of these—the "Junction of the Greta and the Tees" and the "Wycliffe"—are exceedingly beautiful and wonderfully successful. Scott, W. R. Smith, S. Middiman, and Charles Heath, all men of high repute, are responsible for two plates each. Of the rest, H. and J. Le Keux, Middiman, and J. Landseer, the father of Sir Edwin, and a pupil of Woollett, are names best remembered now.

The story of the original publication of these plates is curious. They were, like most of Turner's work, designed for book illustration, the book they honoured being a portion of the Rev. Dr. Whitaker's *History of the North Riding of Yorkshire*. The subjects of these landscape-drawings were not Turner's choice. They were selected by a local committee of gentlemen, who doubtless knew what they wanted, if they were not better judges of the beauties of the Greta and the Tees than Turner himself. Five of the subjects—and they are exceedingly fine—were chosen by Dr. Raine, the father of Mrs. Alfred Hunt, whose sympathetic comments and descriptions in the present volume are excellent in style and observation. A more beautiful folio than Turner's *Richmondshire* has not issued from the press for many a year.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

MONG the new gift books of the season, *Wild Life on a Tidal Water*, illustrated with photo-etchings by Messrs. P. H. Emerson and T. F. Goodall (Sampson Low & Co.), affords fresh testimony to Mr. Emerson's fidelity to the charms of open-air existence on the Norfolk "Broads," and his unshaken belief in the merits of photo-etching. In this volume Mr. Emerson relates the "adventures of a house-boat and her crew" on Breydon Water during a recent summer, and succeeds in suggesting a lively impression of a pleasurable sojourn in the wild flats and water-ways around Great Yarmouth. It is a very frank recital. Afloat or ashore, fishing or painting, the two artists find their time fully occupied, as the interesting record of their observation shows. The natives are capitally sketched, and their racy speech noted by Mr. Emerson. Gunners, sailors, fishermen, and so forth, were found not less worthy of study than the landscape or the Yarmouth quays and water-side architecture. "Joey," the sailor, is certainly an amusing "native," and a fisherman, known as "the Harsnee," coming in the art of eel-catching, brightens the pages of the chronicle with his sporting lore. Tragedy there was to record, and an episode of romance, of which Mr. Emerson is at once frank and reticent. He tantalizes us with an explicit account of the meeting, the walks on the sands, the day on Yarmouth pier, and leaves the sequel in mystery. The photo-etchings after Messrs. Emerson and Goodall's paintings are the work of Messrs. W. L. Colls and A. Dawson. The artistic results, as with other reproductive processes, vary considerably. Some of the plates that deal with shipping and buildings are fairly successful; others, in which the defects of the process are more apparent, are harsh and lack tone. "The Bowling Green," for example, is a plate that might readily be bettered by simple photography. "On Gorleston Sands" is, however, a pleasing example of what may be effected with photo-etching. The new volume of the *Art Journal* (Virtue & Co., Lim.) is, as usual, one of the most attractive gift-books that appear annually. The etching that forms the frontispiece is a remarkably fine reproduction by Mr. James Dobie of Mr. F. Hall's pathetic picture "Adversity." Mr. Dobie is also represented by admirable etchings after Mr. Waterlow's "Wolf!"

and Mr. Frank Bramley's popular picture, "A Hopeless Dawn," now at South Kensington; Mr. Kennedy's vigorous painting, "Neptune," also finds a spirited and accomplished etcher in P. A. Massé. Among the photogravures are excellent plates, after pictures by Messrs. F. Bourdillon, Dudley Hardy, Blair Leighton, and others. The critical articles on recent exhibitions by Mr. Claude Phillips, Mr. William Anderson, and other writers, are, as heretofore, excellent in matter and illustration. Mr. J. E. Hodgson's papers on "The Royal Academy in the Last Century," the series of articles on Artists' Studios, Mr. W. J. Loftie's descriptive and historical contribution on the Royal Palaces, may be named as indicative of the variety of the letterpress and the many aspects of interest the *Art Journal* offers to all classes of people. *The Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.) for the current year is a handsome volume. The etchings include Mr. Dobie's "A Roman Boat Race," after Mr. Poynter's painting; Munkacsy's "Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughter," by C. Country; Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lord Heathfield," by M. Rajon; and "The Halt," a fine example of M. Leopold Flameng's skill, after M. Meissonier's picture. The photogravures, or "goupielgravures," of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. are exceptionally good. Among them are Mr. Herkomer's "Chapel of the Charterhouse," the original of which is at South Kensington, and the admirable "Last Muster"; "The Shipwrecked Fisherman," of Josef Israels; Mr. Frank Bramley's "Saved," and an excellent reproduction of "The Return of the Flock," a moonlight pastoral subject by Charles Jacques. The illustrations in the text are fully up to the standard of past volumes. Especially good are the engravings of works by Old Masters, fine examples of which are given in Mr. Walter Armstrong's notes on paintings in the Glasgow Corporation Gallery. On the whole, *The Magazine of Art* volume forms an admirable Christmas present. Mr. Theodore Child has worked out a pretty notion with happy results in his pleasant volume of engravings and comment entitled *Young People and Old Pictures* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.). He has projected a gallery of engravings representing children of various ages and countries as painted by the Italian, Flemish, English, Dutch, French, and Spanish masters. The selection is thoroughly representative, and the pictures are carefully reproduced. Mr. Child's handling of the attractive theme, so well illustrated in this charming book, bright, interesting, and agreeably discursive. Realism is the distinctive feature of the illustrations in *Sketches of England*, by "A Foreign Artist" and "A Foreign Author" ("Art Journal" Office), and the realism is not invariably concerned with what is beautiful. M. Myrbach's sketches possess the force and spirit which the skilful artist never fails to impart to his impressions of life *en plein air*. In the groups of tourists at Canterbury, the frolicsome bathers or beach loungers at Ramsgate, the sketches of the streets of York, the busy life of Liverpool markets and docks, we have convincing evidence of M. Myrbach's deft hand and keen eye. The plates in colour are tame in comparison with the black-and-white work. M. Villars, who supplies the text, writes with excellent knowledge and considerable sympathy. He is seldom caught with Gallic spectacles veiling his judgment of English manners and customs—nor, it may be said, of English costumes.

Opening *The World of Adventure* (Cassell & Co.) we happened on certain recitals of affairs gory and criminal that suggested an illustrated volume of minor horrors, perils, and thrilling adventures. The horrors, it is fair to say, do not prevail over the legitimate interest that attaches to wonderful yet true stories of adventure. The book is, in fact, an entertaining collection, from many sources, of tales of shipwreck, prisoners, pirates, Indians, bandits, wild voyages, the French Revolution, and the like. The illustrations are numerous and for the most part extremely effective. *One-and-Twenty Pages*, by "Twym" (Glasgow: Bryce & Co.), is a set of one-and-twenty pages of sketches, all vivacious and of a comic spirit, illustrating the humours of a music-hall audience, a pantomime rehearsal, seaside holidays, and many another cheerful theme. An artist so genuinely sportive as "Twym" undoubtedly is might have spared us the gruesome incident of the aspiring golfer who has decapitated himself by his "first and final stroke." This is a repulsive invention simply, and not in the least degree funny. *Romance of Real Life* (Religious Tract Society) is a volume—printed in good clear type, and illustrated with good woodcuts—that sets forth "true incidents in the Lives of Great and Good." The biographical selection admirably illustrates the excellent aim of the book. The translation from Boisgobey, *An Ocean Knight* (Warne & Co.), is not only a representative specimen of the author's exciting fiction, but is got up in good style and admirably illustrated by Adrien Marie, whose Mediterranean corsairs are among the most picturesque scoundrels the fancy can paint. The scope of *Amateur Work* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is so encyclopedic as to baffle any attempt at generalized description of its multifarious contents. Every section of this recreative and instructive magazine is admirably illustrated by plans and diagrams. It teaches, in thoroughly practical fashion, how ambitious youths of mechanical instincts can make a hundred useful articles, from a window-sash to an American organ. *Short Biographies for the People*, vol. vii. (Religious Tract Society), is a collection of the excellent "Biographical Tracts," issued at one penny, with portraits of genuine merit. These lives of eminent persons are well-written, and perfectly suited for circulation in village book-clubs and reading-rooms.

* *Richmondshire*. Illustrated by Twenty Line Engravings after Drawings by J. M. W. Turner. With Descriptions by Mrs. Alfred Hunt and an Introduction by Marcus B. Huish, LL.B. London: Virtue & Co. (Lim.) 1890.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's new stories for the well-provided British boy are likely enough to quicken the pulses of old boys as well as young. Brisk, expressive dialogue is commonly an admirable characteristic of this author. Where most writers would employ descriptive or direct narrative in conducting the action of the story, Mr. Fenn's continuity of action is expressed in dialogue, and very terse and dramatic the dialogue often is. Were they far less bright, inventive, and amusing than they are, Mr. Fenn's stories, for this reason alone, can never be dull. *Syd Bolton* (Methuen & Co.) is the story of "the boy who would not go to sea," though Syd's father, a captain in the navy, and his uncle, an admiral, are determined that he shall be a sailor. He has a sympathizer in his hatred of the sea in the scapgegrace son of a sailor, who acts as gardener. The two boys run away, and, after some brief but sobering experience, Syd returns home penitent. The admiral and the captain affect great anger, though secretly their soft hearts melt when Syd comes home famished, their carefully-concealed feeling for the boy occasioning an amusing scene. The captain and the admiral creep in the dead of night by different ways to the pantry with the design of obtaining supper for the starving Syd, who is imprisoned in his bedroom, and as they meet and confess their weakness, they are set upon by the servants, who belabour them, thinking they are burglars. Syd eventually goes to sea on board his father's ship, and plays a brave part in the company of the mariner gardener, promoted as boatswain, and his son Panama.

In *Cutlass and Cudgel* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), a very exciting story of smuggling on the Sussex coast, Mr. Fenn relates the adventures of two boys, whose characters are admirably drawn and piquantly contrasted. In action and speech these youngsters, the one a middy on a revenue cutter, the other the son of a smuggling farmer, are delightfully true to nature. In this clever and interesting story the author's art in sustaining action by dialogue is particularly striking. *Nolens Volens* (Partridge & Co.), though in some respects less unconventional than the preceding stories, is not one whit less skilful in plot and narration. Mr. Fenn opens this story of the days of pressgangs in Bristol city, and by a sudden and truly dramatic incident shifts the scene to New Zealand, where adventures of a surprising kind befall the hero. *Lost in Samoa*, by E. S. Ellis (Cassell & Co.), is a story of beach-combers and a buried treasure which lies under the sea off the coast of Samoa. This treasure—a casket of diamonds sunk in the wrecked hold of a schooner—is not recovered by the hero until many perils are incurred, all of which are plausibly set forth in the story. Mr. Ellis tells his story in spirited style. *New York to Brest in Seven Hours*, by André Laurie (Sampson Low & Co.), is as full of wild imagining as that very clever story, *The Conquest of the Moon*, though the author, in this new venture in imaginative science, is by no means so successful in persuading the reader of the credibility of his inventions. Much ingenuity is shown in the scheme for conveying petroleum from the Pennsylvanian oil-fields to Europe by sea; but, clever as the device is, it cannot compare with the impressiveness of the scheme for conquering the moon. M. Jules Verne's sequel to his famous moon story, *The Purchase of the North Pole* (Sampson Low & Co.), is, like most sequels in fiction, singularly disappointing and a trifle dull withal. *Barbicane & Co.* fascinate no longer.

Mr. G. Norway, in *Hussein the Hostage* (Blackie & Son), relates the adventures of a boy in Persia, and, working what is practically new ground among writers for boys, shows much freshness and spirit. In the first place, Mr. Norway has evidently carefully studied his subject. Persia and the Persians are subjected to no perfunctory treatment, and the pictures of Teheran and its neighbourhood are, like the characters in the story, attractive and well delineated. *Tad*, by G. S. Ellis (Cassell & Co.), is a very wholesome story, with a moral that is not the less excellent for being naturally suggested and not strained. Tad, the hero, is a good fellow in all respects, though open to the corrupting influences of one Jones, who is intent on preaching, illustrating to his son Tad the immoral doctrine of "getting even" with folk. *Lennard's Leader*, by Edward N. Hoor (S. P. C. K.), is a story that utilizes Mr. H. M. Stanley's account of the Emin Relief Expedition. It is matter for surprise, as well as for congratulation, that there are not more books of the kind. Hawthorne's *Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales* (Routledge) is a book that can never fail to charm girls or boys, however frequently it be reprinted. *Pictures and Stories of English History* (Nelson & Sons) is a pretty gift-book for children. Miss Esmé Stuart's skill in devising historical tales for young people is well exemplified in her interesting, if somewhat florid, story, *In the Days of Luther* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). The new edition of Mr. Robert Routledge's excellent illustrated descriptive summary of scientific progress, *Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century* (Routledge & Co.), comprises some additional matter and is revised to date.

Messrs. De la Rue & Co. have a pretty and useful assortment of diaries. A Russia-leather card-case and diary chased in gold, No. 2240, size B, another dark red Russia-leather purse, card-case, and diary combined, No. 8829, size B, are especially useful and very handsome without being bulky. No. 3544, size C, is a good-sized purse in Russia leather, with diary. The condensed diary and engagement book, in small red leather case, is useful for a gentleman's pocket; so is the thumb-shaped diary, very small, bound in leather; another, the same size and shape, in a Russia-leather case, and another bound in velvet. The red-letter calendar, bound in leather, with pockets for cards and

stamps, size A, No. 6063, and the finger-shaped condensed diary, in leather case, are also convenient and pretty. Leather almanacs are in every shape, colour, and size. Mr. De la Rue's improved diary and memorandum book as a desk diary is most useful.

Messrs. John Walker & Co. have some "Back Loop Pocket Diaries" of various sizes, which are beautifully got up, in Russia and other leather, with pencils in the "back loop"; the two most charming, perhaps, are rather a large-sized one, No. 78, and one quite small, 181.

The Religious Tract Society has a pocket-book and Scripture Calendar with a variety of commercial and other information. A verse from Scripture is quoted for each day; the pocket-book almanac, with motto texts, takes up a small space and is very useful.

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons have brought out a new and very attractive edition of Miss Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant and Early Lessons*. Both books are prettily illustrated by F. A. Fraser. We who remember the little brown volumes, and whose imaginations supplied the illustrations, perhaps may sigh over the bright cover and well-supplied pictures of the present edition; but there is no doubt that the present generation of children will appreciate these delightful stories in their present guise.

Tricks with Cards, by Professor Hoffman (Routledge), taken from *Modern Magic*, begins with the general principles of Sleight-of-hand, applicable to card tricks, and goes on to illustrate by drawings and words numberless clever card tricks.

Acting Charades and Proverbs, by Anne Bowman and other writers (Routledge), will be a much-needed help to those who want words for their charades, and who are not good at inventing dialogues for themselves in acting them. *Acting Proverbs* are also made easy for those who delight in this pastime.

The Christmas number of *London Society* is as usual a collection of bright enough stories, capitally adapted to while away odd time in a railway train or a waiting-room. For special praise we may single out Mr. Stewart Dawson's story "Harold Farquharson's Secret," the setting of which is placed naturally enough at Eton on the Fourth of June. All old Etonians will turn to this with expectation of pleasure, and will not be disappointed. To steal an apt quotation made by another old Etonian, "By many names men call us, in many lands we dwell," and thus Mr. Stewart Dawson appeals, and will appeal successfully, to an audience fit, but by no means few.

Holly Leaves, the Christmas number of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, is as full of matter and as enticing in manner as usual, and to say that is to give high praise. We may call special attention to Mr. Brookfield's brilliant and caustic story.

A new translation, edited by Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, of the ever-pleasing *Swiss Family Robinson* (Routledge), promises well on the title-page, and the promise is thoroughly fulfilled. The translation is good, like the print; the pictures are well chosen and well executed. The slight cuts and alterations seem judicious enough; while one passage, that about Fritz and the dogs, unaccountably omitted in various modern editions, is here fully restored.

Dr. Gordon Stables's *By Sea and Land* (Warne & Co.) is written in the author's well-known style, and contains a sufficient variety of adventures in various parts of the world, with interesting descriptions of the manners and customs of many men and cities. The character of young Lord Kildoon is perhaps the best touched in the book. The illustrations are spirited. The narrative is disfigured by a gibe (on p. 250) in very curious, and not at all attractive, taste at the sister service.

Mr. Edward A. Rand's *Up North in a Whaler* (Hutchinson & Co.) is a lively enough story of the kind of life and adventure which its title indicates, with the pointing of morals perhaps a little too much insisted on. It is written, partly at least, in very choice Yankee, and blunders characteristic of the great American nation are made in the attempt to show how ill-educated English folk misplace their h's.

Messrs. Prang & Co. (Boston) have sent us some very good specimens of their Christmas cards. Those with groups of children are the most fascinating; a little girl with her lap full of dolls, one playing with her dolls, three little ones unpacking a parcel, some dancing, a pretty boy playing with his dog. There are some pretty sprays of flowers, and a combination of birds and leaves. There are also some nice little booklets, *A True Story of My Dolls*, by Elizabeth S. Tucker, is most quaint; whilst *Christmas Morn*, by M. J. Jaques, illustrated by Elizabeth B. Humphrey, *Christmas Tide*, by E. Annie S. Page, also illustrated by L. B. Humphrey, *The Sage Valley*, illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews, *Haunts of Whittier*, illustrated by Louis K. Harlow, and *Twilight Fairies*, by Mrs. Lyman H. Weeks, are all well executed and interesting. "Playing School" is a picture, well worth framing, of children sitting on a bench in the garden, playing at being taught by a tiny girl, who is sitting in front of them with great importance and gravity, a book in her hand. Messrs. Benrose & Sons have sent us some useful calendars, to hang up, with little landscapes on them. One, the "Scripture Calendar," has a text for every day in the year.

The bound volume of *The Leisure Hour*, for 1890 (56 Paternoster Row), will be a good possession, containing as it does papers on every variety of subjects, tales, and adventures, poetry, and household queries. The same can be said of *Cassell's Family Magazine*, in which the monthly paper called "The Gatherer," justly described as "an illustrated record of invention, discovery, literature, and

science," is very attractive. *The Sunday at Home* is another of these attractive volumes, combining religious teaching with stories and things of interest to all who are earnestly disposed. Its "Sunday Enigmas" are most useful in adding to the scriptural knowledge of those who try to find them out. In this volume there is a very pretty carol for children, "Oh, Joyful and Sweet was the Singing." *The Marvellous Budget*, being 65,536 stories about Jack and Jill, by the Rev. F. Bennett (Cassell & Co.), well deserves its title, and is uncommonly well illustrated. *When We Were Children*, by E. M. Green, illustrated by W. G. Burton (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is simply told and true to nature. *The Little Ladies*, by Helen Milman (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is here described in Helen Milman's own opening words:—"This is not a love story, or an ordeal story, or a story of events, not even an exciting story, or a 'shilling dreadful,' it is only a simple story of two children." It is prettily written, and with particularly good illustrations by Emily F. Harding. *Stories for Somebody*, by Edith Carrington (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), begins with "Somebody" who is the enemy of a little girl who put all her faults on "Somebody"—there are five other stories, all of them combining home life with natural history in an enchanting manner. The illustrations are by Mrs. H. M. Stanley (Dorothy Tennant), with her usual originality of design and carefulness of drawing. *The Mystery of the Rat-Tailed Grey: or the Curate-in-Charge*, by W. Y. Hodgson (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a tale in verse of a sporting parson, who under the guise of a high-church meek curate takes in a parish full of old maids—his horse's disguise (a false tail) falls off and reveals his master's deceit. *Told by the Fireside* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a set of stories for children, by various well-known authors, and illustrated with great go and finish by Marie Seymour Lucas. *Over the Sea*, stories of two worlds (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is another book full of good illustrations and well-written stories for rather older children, edited by A. Patchett Martin. *Hearts and Voices: Songs of the Better Land* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a succession of pretty hymns such as our little ones love, with coloured as well as black-and-white pictures. *The Newbery Toy Books* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) have amongst them "The Book of Beasts," "The Book of Birds," and "The Book of Fishes," by E. C. Phillips (Mrs. Horace B. Lasher), which describe beasts, birds, and fishes both in the letterpress and by the illustrations, and contain a deal of instruction and interest. *The Old Corner Series* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) are many of the old nursery rhymes and fairy-tales, such as "Blue-beard," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Cock Robin," "Aladdin," &c., renewed with "entirely original illustrations by famous artists," and will be a fresh delight to children. *The Rosebud Annual* (Clark & Co.) is quite delightful with its clever pictures, stories for beginners in reading, and pretty, easy little songs.

The Welcome Hour (Marshall Brothers) in its bound volume contains much that is useful, interesting, and amusing, besides puzzles and historical prize competitions. *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.) is a treasure worth giving any of our little folks, having in its pages a fund of amusement of every description. *Pictures illustrative of the Lord's Prayer, with Appropriate Stories for Children*, by Emma Marshall (Nisbet & Co.), is a happy way of making our little ones understand each clause in a prayer which, having been taught before they could understand anything, so many say by rote. The illustrations are descriptive of each story. *The Dawn of Day* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) is a monthly illustrated magazine for Sunday School and parish use, bound in one volume for the year. Each number contains a serial story and a child's story, has a paper on cookery, gardening, church teaching, poetry, &c. *The Child's Pictorial* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) is a monthly coloured magazine for children, and makes a most attractive volume when bound, filled as it is with tales of all kinds to fascinate a child.

Animal Painting for Beginners (Blackie & Son) best describes itself in its title-page as being "twelve simple studies in colours, drawn from nature by Stephen T. Dadd and Stanley E. B. Montefiore, with practical directions for drawing and painting, and numerous pencil sketches by Harrison Weir, A. T. Elves, and R. H. Moore," and will be a godsend to our ambitious young artists. *The Royal Portrait Gallery* (Nelson & Sons) has sixty-two illustrations, with portraits of all our kings and queens, Queen Victoria being on the opening page. The portraits are somewhat hard in outline, but are characteristic; the rest of the pictures are well executed. The letterpress contains in a few lines the principal events in each reign.

Rosalinda and other Fairy Tales, by Anna Cross and Blanche Atkinson (George Allen), are fairy tales more like the real old ones of our childhood than any we have read for some time, in all their fantastic imagination. These tales are prettily illustrated by Alfred Lys-Baldry. *Her One Ambition*, by Rowland Grey, illustrated by Maud Porter and Ellen Welby (Raphael Tuck & Sons), is a story of a girl whose "one ambition" is to see her brother Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. All she goes through to help him, her trials and triumphs, are prettily and graphically told; the illustrations are well worthy of the book. *A Peep into Catland* (Warne & Co.), life sketches, by Constance E. Howell, with descriptions by Aimée de V. Dawson and others, supply the most fascinating peeps into Catland we have seen for many a long day. "Darby and Joan," under a torn umbrella, the three little puzzled kittens learning their lessons, those playing with a work-basket, winding a clock, dipping into a

mustard pot, the mother washing her kittens in a tub, hanging the clothes out to dry, &c. &c. are each and all quaint to the last degree.

The Air Child, and other New Fairy Tales, by Frances G. Low (Griffith & Farran), is to be commended. Miss Low has imagination and, what is still more important in writing for children, fancy. The stories are told in a quaint inconsequent fashion that leads one on till one arrives at the end of the book and puts it down with regret. Mercifully, too, they end happily, and obvious morals they have none. Morals are excellent in classics like "Blue Beard" and "Little Red Riding Hood"; but the whole duty of the modern fairy-story is to be amusing and cheerful, and to teach us nothing, unless it be quite unawares. Perhaps unawares some teaching may be found in Miss Low's charming stories; but, if so, she may be forgiven because of the manner of it, and her book may be remembered as one that will amuse children as well as do them good.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DÉBIDOUR'S *History of Europe from the Congress of Vienna to that of Berlin* (1) is to a certain extent similar to Mr. Fyffe's recent work in English, and is written from no very different point of view, considering the fact that one writer is an Englishman and the other a Frenchman. Both endeavour to write impartially, and to summarize rather than discuss; but both belong to the extreme, if not the extremest, Liberal party, and this plays not a little havoc with their good intentions. M. Débidour, indeed, is much more precise than Mr. Fyffe, and consequently his book will be much more useful as a work of reference; though we do not remember in Mr. Fyffe's volumes any such strange instance of ignorance as "Sir Bulwer," and in more important matters M. Débidour requires a great deal of "controlling." But he has an admirable index, is seldom wrong in positive affirmation, though often in indirect allusion, and gives, according to the excellent French practice so rare in England, solid little biographical notes on every person of importance mentioned.

The drawbacks of the system by which in France everybody is a somebody-iste, and the somebody grows obsolete in ten years or so, are well exemplified in M. Joseph Reinach's essays (2). M. Reinach is Gambettist or nothing, and Gambetta is with Queen Anne and "Tommy." Nevertheless, if men die, questions do not; and the opinion of a person of real ability, as M. Reinach certainly is, on the Eastern question, colonial policy, clericalism, reform, police, and the like, will generally have some value. Therefore, let them by all means be put on more permanent record than periodical publication can give.

The very dates of Admiral Count de Gueydon's naval essays or reports (3) (the earliest is, we think, 1860, the latest 1874) explain a good deal of the character of the book. The author is described in the preface as a *mémoire vénérée*, and his conclusions are brought forward rather as bearing on later questions than as substantive documents. In fact, there is nothing new, and, perhaps there is less novelty in naval management than in anything else, for man and the sea, which are the main factors in the problem, are very unchangeable commodities.

Of the novels before us, *Tantine* (4), a volume of short stories, is, we think, decidedly the best. The title-story, giving the romance of a pretty old maid, is itself very pretty; and there is a good deal of varied talent in the others. Mlle. Louba Volanoff (5) deserved her Christian name in more senses than one. She was a Russian young woman of the most terrible, not of the ordinary fashion of Russian beauty, according to French novelists, but even worse in her morals. She was betrothed to a rich and foolish young man named Lucien, who had a poor and learned, but also foolish, friend named Louis. At the head of this Louis did Mlle. Volanoff throw herself—and more. She made irruptions into his study, and stayed there till she had her will of him; she seduced him down to Fontainebleau, and there kept him prisoner of love; in fact, she generally played the gay Lothario to his shrinking modesty. He was horrified at the thoughts of betraying his friend, but had neither the pluck to refuse nor the pluck to brazen it out, and when the deed was done he wanted Louba to marry him, which she did not see at all, being very fain of Lucien's money, and generously prepared to "dis-damage" Louis as much as he liked. And he interrupted the wedding ceremony and went home to die of endocarditis. And Louba, who was spending her honeymoon at Nice in great contempt of her husband, said he was "lâche" for doing so; which word indeed describes him pretty fully and fairly. M. Rondelet, who has written all kinds of improving literature, explains in his preface to *Une femme bien malheureuse* (6) what a novel ought

(1) *Histoire diplomatique de l'Europe*. Par M. Débidour. 2 tomes. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *La politique opportuniste*, 1880-1889. Par J. Reinach. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Idées maritimes d'hier—réformes maritimes de demain*. Par l'Amiral Comte de Gueydon. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Tantine*. Par H. Allais. London: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Louba Volanoff*. Par E. Valentin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Une femme bien malheureuse*. Par A. Rondelet. Paris: Perrin.

to be. We are sorry to say that his own, according to the one infallible test, is what it ought not; for we have found it quite impossible to read it. M. Pierre Sales has now almost as much of a public and of a manner of his own as M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, and it is not necessary to say more of or for *Le diamant noir* (7). *Un rêve à deux* (8), is eminently what recent slang calls a *berquinade*. It is an unfortunate thing, but there is sometimes something hardly less distasteful to the British mind in French virtue than in French vice. The heroine marries a man much older than herself, for whom she does not in the least care, carries on a platonic flirtation for years with a young male person, who, fortunately, "would do nothing for to hurt her," marries him to somebody else, out of pure virtue, and then falls in love with her husband because—and, as it would seem, only because—she is going to become, and does become, a mother by this previously unloved partner. It is of the noblest conventional morality, but perhaps "casts a cold," as they say in its own language. As for the French version of Mr. O'Brien's *When we were Boys* (9), we can only say, "Happy is the man who has a wife that can translate his work from bad English into good French." The preface, by M. Burdeau, a Deputy, is short and silly. Except the person who congratulated Mr. Parnell on his refusal, as a Catholic, to kiss the Bible in a Protestant court, we have not recently met a more astonishing example of French ignorance than the person who describes Mr. Smith Barry as a "propriétaire inhumain." Even *United Ireland* knows better than that.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN what may not inaptly be termed a memorial volume—*Gottfried Keller: a Selection of his Tales*, translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker (Fisher Unwin)—we have a brief, yet well-considered, sketch of the life and work of the Swiss poet Gottfried Keller, with specimens of his short stories selected from *Die Leute von Seldwyla*. The translator's "Memoirs"—written, it seems, before the death of Keller in July last—recount the chief biographical facts of Keller's career as landscape-painter, poet, and novelist; and deals with the scope and quality of his writings in the course of a sympathetic review. That Keller's verse will never be so popular as his prose is perhaps a truism. His lyrics, for the most part, certainly suggest that he did not find in poetry the perfect freedom that prose yielded. It was in prose that he best proved his artistic capacity; and it was in prose—the prose of the admirable "Seldwyla" stories—that he was first revealed to the discerning Auerbach as a new and notable poet. Of these lively and pleasant pictures of life in the town and district of "Seldwyla" three examples are given by the translator, together with the author's introduction to the series. They are well chosen and faithfully rendered. The English reader could not have a more representative selection of Keller's stories than "Dietegen," "The Abused Love-Letters," and that amusing romance of a journeyman tailor, "Clothes Maketh Man."

Charles Waterton's *Wanderings in South America* (Nelson & Sons) is a tasteful reprint of one of the most charming and entertaining books of travel and natural history in any literature. Sydney Smith, whose review of the book in the *Edinburgh* is given by way of introduction, felt or pretended to feel nothing but amazement that a country gentleman should prefer life with Indians and monkeys to the balls and assemblies of civilized society. He wrote of Waterton, as he wrote of Sir Joseph Banks, in a whimsical strain of banter and admiration. Waterton's enthusiasm excited in him something like amused consternation. "He seems," says the reviewer, "to love the forests, the tigers, and the apes—to rejoice that he is the only man there, that he has left his species far away, and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons!" Perhaps we should now wonder at Sydney Smith's wonderment. It does not strike us as at all grotesque that a humane chivalrous gentleman should solace himself in the forests of Guiana, during the brief intervals between terrific encounters with snakes, by reading Horace or Virgil, or that he should make a nightily offering of his foot to the vampire bat, and passionately regret that "this winged surgeon" refused the temptation. Who can read unmoved the touching story of the distressed sloth, assisted by the amiable traveller to his arboreal haunts? Gently does he convey the quaint beast suspended from a stout bough to the nearest tree, and with a fine gush of old-fashioned sentiment follow the flight of the happy and swift sloth through the mysterious forest. It is Uncle Toby turned naturalist. But the charm of the book is inexhaustible, and is reflected, not ineffectively, in the illustrations. Especially thrilling is the picture of vampire bats attacking guileless sleepers in the moonlight.

Fritz of Prussia, by Lucy Taylor (Nelson & Sons), is a volume of history and biography devoted to a popular chronicle of the leading events of the life of the late German Emperor. Naturally the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870-71 occupy a large portion of the book; they are not, as in some similar compilations, unduly treated to the exclusion of other interesting matters. On

the whole, the book is well proportioned and written in a pleasing and entirely unpretentious style.

Asbestos, by Robert H. Jones (Crosby Lockwood & Co.), is a descriptive treatise on the properties and uses of asbestos by a writer who not long since published an interesting pamphlet on the asbestos mines of Canada. In the present volume Mr. Jones has collected some very valuable information respecting the varieties of asbestos, its substitutes, and the chief sources of supply. His account of the rich Canadian mines, and of those of Italy, based on personal study and investigation, is marked by the thoroughness that distinguishes every section of his practical treatise. Almost past enumeration are the uses of asbestos at the present time, and the future, as Mr. Jones shows, is rich in the promise of yet greater possibilities for its employment. America appears to be the principal consumer of asbestos in arts and manufactures, though in Germany and in England it is extensively used as packing in engineering work, felt, paint, lubricants, &c. The last new thing in the application of the fibre is a "tobacco-paper," and a compound of tobacco and asbestos for smoking in a pipe. Among the numerous "substitutes" of which Mr. Jones treats, slag wool or silicate cotton is highly commended as a lining for walls, roofs, and floors, being proof against vermin and fire-resisting. Mr. Jones's book is well illustrated by "colotype" plates and diagrams.

In the *Leisure Hour Library* we have two capital books for persons curious about many things and how they are done. Both are by Mr. W. J. Gordon, and both are published by the Religious Tract Society. *Foundry, Forge, and Factory* is descriptive of the North-country iron-foundries, the wonders of Elswick, the making of the Forth Bridge, the Barrow works, the glass factories of St. Helen's, machine-printing, &c. *How London Lives* deals in effective style with the markets, the lighting, the cleaning of London, and describes the daily routine at the Post Office, hospitals, and the work of the police.

From the same publishers we have two recent additions to the useful "By-paths of Bible Knowledge" series—*Modern Discoveries on the Site of Ancient Ephesus*, by the late J. T. Wood, F.S.A., a handy abstract of the author's work on the antiquities of Ephesus; and *Early Bible Songs*, with introduction and notes by A. H. Drysdale on the nature and spirit of Hebrew song.

The intentions of Mr. Percy Russell, when he set himself to compose *The Author's Manual* (Digby & Long), were doubtless excellent intentions; but they are not made good on publication. His book is anything but what it is stated to be on the title-page. It is not "a complete and practical guide to all branches of literary work," nor can we say it is likely to assist any person who has any real claim to be considered an author.

Unlike the preceding volumes of the "International Library," Mr. E. J. Dillon's translation from Count Tolstoi's *Work while ye have the Light* (Heinemann) can scarcely be ranked with fiction. As a story it is exceedingly thin, for no one can possibly feel the slightest interest in Pamphilus, that very early Christian, or in Julius, that very modern young Roman. As a sermon, the book is not particularly effective and a trifle musty. We are entirely sympathetic, however, with the excellent lady, in the author's introduction, who rebukes her husband for his ill-conditioned praise of celibacy and his maudlin proposition that he should lead a new life and let his wife and children look to themselves.

The British Almanac and Companion for 1891 (Stationers' Company) is a handy compendium of useful information relative to Government, Education, the Church, the Law, Army and Navy, &c. The usual retrospects of the year's art, science, music, drama, sport, are contributed by Mr. Langton Cole, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Mr. E. W. Maunder, and other competent writers.

Mr. David Stott's pretty series "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors" is enriched by a reprint in two volumes of Carlyle's translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, with an introduction by Professor Dowden, and notes by Mr. C. K. Shorter.

The third volume of Professor Arthur Cayley's *Collected Mathematical Papers* (Cambridge: at the University Press) comprises sixty-four papers originally published between the years 1857 and 1862.

Nearly two-thirds of Mr. G. J. Smith's *Synopsis of English and American Literature* (Boston: Ginn & Co.) are occupied with writers and writings of the nineteenth century. Quantity, not quality, is the compiler's rule in treating of the present century, and the writers are dealt with on the principle of taking *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Mr. Swinburne, by the way, is said to have "successfully revived the drama in *Tristram*." Chatterton, who is classed with impostors like Macpherson—not with the poets—is said to have taken "poems" from "Canyng's coffee." He wrote, we are told, "The Rowley Papers." The author of this "summary of our literature" is described in the title as "Instructor in English, Washington, D. C., High School."

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have two volumes of poetry that should receive the widest welcome from the discriminating public. The first is the new edition in one volume of Matthew Arnold's *Poetical Works*. In appearance this desirable book is uniform with the one-volume edition of Wordsworth for which Mr. John Morley wrote an Introduction, though the type and paper are superior. The book is, indeed, beautifully printed, and has an excellent portrait. The new and enlarged edition in one volume of *Poems* by Christina G. Rossetti is another very attractive book. It comprises D. G. Rossetti's designs for "The Prince's

(7) *Le diamant noir*. Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Un rêve à deux*. Par C. Trouessart. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(9) *A vingt ans*. Traduit de l'Anglais de W. O'Brien par Mme. W. O'Brien. Paris: Charpentier.

Progress" and "Goblin Market," the first two collections of lyrics by the most charming and most original of English poetesses.

Among new editions we have *The Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire*, by W. Chambers Lefroy, F.S.A., with etchings by MM. Brunet-Debaines and H. Toussaint (Seeley & Co.); Mr. Wallace Bruce's poems, *In Clover and Heather* (Blackwood & Sons); *The Unknown Horn of Africa*, by the late F. L. James, with an obituary notice of the author by J. A. and W. D. James, second edition, containing narrative and notes only (Philip & Son); and Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's *Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe* (Longmans & Co.).

We have also received *Sweet Cicely*; or, *Josiah Allen as a Politician*, by Marietta Holley, illustrated (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Maria and I*, by Edgar Lee (Bristol: Arrowsmith); *John Ruskin: a Study*, by the Rev. E. P. Downes ("Great Thoughts" Office); *Mormon Saints*, by W. Herbert Thomas (Houlston & Sons); *A Transatlantic Voyage*, by William Hamilton (Digby & Long); and *Stammering*, by B. Beasley, thirteenth edition (Birmingham: Hudson).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from *Veuve J. Boyreau*, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. *Galignani's*, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at *Le Kiosque Duperron*, Boulevard des Capucines, and *Le Kiosque Michel*, Boulevard des Capucines.

THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on sale at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 & 85 Duane Street, New York, and at *Messrs. Damrell & Upham's*, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. The Annual Subscription, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

For CONTENTS see page 662*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MAPLE & CO.
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.
THE LARGEST
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.
ANATOLIAN CARPETS.

TURKEY and ANATOLIAN STAIR CARPETS. The Largest Collection in Europe. ANATOLIAN CARPETS in every size from 8 ft. 6 in. up to the exceptional dimensions of 60 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, as well as a unusually ample variety for Stairs and Corridors, in widths ranging from 2 to 54 inches.

MAPLE & CO. receive weekly consignments of these CARPETS, and invite intending purchasers to examine and compare both quality and price before deciding elsewhere. Such carpets are in many instances reproductions of the most valuable examples of the seventeenth century.

MAPLE & CO.
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

TURKEY CARPETS.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the Dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

A NATOLIAN and TURKEY CARPETS. The Finest Collection in Europe.—MAPLE & CO. enjoy the greatest facilities for getting Anatolian and Turkey Carpets of superior quality and finish, having their own agents at Ouchak, who personally supervise the dyeing and weaving. Purchasers of Anatolian and Turkey carpets will save all intermediate profits by buying from MAPLE & CO.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1869.

MUSGRAVE'S NEW PATENT "ULSTER" STOVES.

EFFICIENT AND RELIABLE HEATERS.
WILL BURN THE ENTIRE WINTER WITHOUT RELIGHTING.
FREE FROM DUST AND ALL UNPLEASANT SMELL.
EASILY FIXED, EASILY MANAGED, ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

One Hundred Designs and Sizes. Delivered free.

ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUES and ESTIMATES FREE.

MUSGRAVE & CO., LIMITED, 97 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON;
20 DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER; 180 RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS;
ANN STREET IRONWORKS, BELFAST.

The Pine Forest at Home.

"SANITAS OIL"

FOR WINTER COUGH, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA,
AND ALL LUNG AND THROAT TROUBLES

INHALE

"SANITAS OIL."

"A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY."

"Inhalation of 'Sanitas' Vapour is especially valuable."

WILLIAM ARBUTTS, M.D., M.R.C.P., and M.R.C.S.

"Sanitas Oil" used as spray or with Vaporiser is more generally efficacious than other remedies."—*Hospital Gazette*.

FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

THE SANITAS CO., Limited, Bethnal Green, London, E.

Ask your Tailor for

"MADDOCKS'S BELWARP SERGES & COATINGS."

THE

"BELWARP"

SERGES

AND

COATINGS.

60 VARIETIES TO CHOOSE FROM.

The leading features of the Belwarp Coatings and Serges:

They are PERFECTION OF MANUFACTURE, combining the EXCELLENCE AND HARD-WEARING QUALITIES of the OLD ENGLISH MAKES with all improvements effected by the most modern machinery.

They are Dyed with WOODED DYES ONLY. The COLOURS are therefore PERMANENT and DEFY SALT WATER and CLIMATIC CHANGES. The BELWARP SERGES and COATINGS are suitable for every kind of

MORNING and EVENING WEAR and TRAVELLING and TOURISTS' SUITS.

They are made in a variety of qualities, from the lowest to the highest priced ones, to suit every class of wearer. The qualities can all be repeated, and are always uniform and reliable.

FOR LADIES' TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES and for BOYS' HARD WEAR

THEY ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

As a guarantee of material and dye, every yard is stamped on the back with the Registered word "BELWARP" without which no cloths are genuine. Supplied DIRECT FROM THE MILL to TAILORS ONLY, by the Sole Manufacturers.

JOHN MADDOCKS & CO., BRADFORD, Yorkshire.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING,

FOR MANSIONS, PRIVATE HOUSES, &c.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEMPORARY INSTALLATIONS FOR DANCES, &c.

Inquiries invited. Estimates free.

WOODHOUSE & RAWSON UNITED, Limited,

88 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Where a Model installation can be seen at work.

15,822,000 BOTTLES filled in 1889.

APOLLINARIS.

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"The APOLLINARIS SPRING yields enough WATER NOT ONLY for PRESENT REQUIREMENTS but ALSO for those of a FUTURE which is STILL REMOTE."

"The EXISTING SUPPLY is ADEQUATE for FILLING FORTY MILLION QUART BOTTLES YEARLY."

"The VOLUME of GAS is so GREAT that it is dangerous to approach THE SPRING on a windless day."

Times, September 20, 1890.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1,832, DECEMBER 6, 1890:

Chronicle.

Mr. Parnell and his Party.

O.K. as Ministering Angel. Lord Salisbury at Rossendale. Juries as Art Critics. The Seaworthiness of War-Ships.

Committee Room, No. 15. The Tithe Bill. French Hospitality. The Kentish Town Murder.

The President's Message.

Still in the Dark. The Land Purchase Bill. Business of the Session.

Colleges and Oppidans.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

Mony Matters. Drawings by Hokusai.

Recent Concerts. Exhibitions. "Every Little Flower."

The Greek World under Roman Sway.

Novels. Greek Sculpture.

Magellan. A Straight Road to Parnassus. Broadsword and Singletick. Somerset Records.

History of the Reformation.

Books in Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Literature. Mathematical and Physical Text-Books.

Three Books from Three Continents. New Prints. Turner's Richmondshire. Christmas Books—IV. French Literature. New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—Every Evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Matinées. Ravenswood. To-day (Saturday) at 3 (for the Benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund); December 26th and 27th, and Wednesday, December 24th (Christmas Eve). THE BELLS will be played on the nights of December 26th and 27th. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily Ten to Five, and during the performances.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening at 8. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra, Mr. Coghlan as Antony. Cast see daily papers. Open 7.30. Carriages 11. Box-office 10.30 to 5.30. Telephone, 3995. MATINEE TO-DAY and SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.

CRYSTAL PALACE, Saturday, December 6th. Admission 3s. 6d before 5; 1s. after. 3.0. SATURDAY CONCERT. Vocalists, Miss Amy Sherwin, Mr. Georg Heneschel. The Crystal Palace Choir. The Grand Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. Mr. Hamish MacCunn's chorus, bass. "The Camerons' Dream," and Dr. Hubert Parry's new setting of "Alfred the Great." Soloists, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Stebbins, and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Martindale. 5.15. PRESENTATION OF PRIZES to the LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE by the LADY MAYORESS in the presence of the LORD MAYOR and Sheriff, who will attend in State. Band of London Rifle Brigade, under direction of Mr. Hiram Henton. 5.30. GRAND PROMENADE CONCERTS. Vocalists, Miss Roberts n and Mrs. Musgrave Tuftail. The Crystal Palace Military Band. Bandmaster, Mr. Charles Goufre, Jun. Accompanist, Mr. A. J. Eyre, F.C.O. No extra charge.

CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY.—PAINTINGS in OIL by ALFRED HARTLEY. EXHIBITION NOW OPEN at ROBERT DUNTHORNE'S, Rembrandt Gallery, Vigo Street, London, W.

EDUCATIONAL.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE and FARM, CIRENCESTER.

Established by Royal Charter 1845, for Land Owners, and Farmers, Land Agents, Surveyors, Indentured Colonists, &c. Practical and Scientific Instruction in Agriculture and Dairy Farming, Estate Management, Forestry, &c. &c.

For Prospectus, with particulars of Farm and Dairy Courses of Instruction, Scholarships, Diplomas, &c., apply to the PRINCIPAL.

THE SESSION begins on TUESDAY, January 27, 1891.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS. There will be an ELECTION to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS (two of £50, one of £50, and one of £40) on Friday, July 17, 1891. Open to boys under the age of Fourteen on January 1, 1891.—For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.—The next ENTRANCE EXAMINATION will be held in London, beginning March 2, 1891. A Scholarship Examination will be held at the same time: on the results of which two Scholarships, offered by the Goddeswicks' Company, of the annual value respectively of £50 and £40, for three years, will be awarded.

Forms of Entry, and further information, may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss Kensington, 129 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W. The Forms must be returned filled up by January 31.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S HILL, STAINES. The COURSE of STUDY is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. About FIFTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September 1891. For Competition the Secretary of State will offer TEN Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department and TWO in the Indian Telegraph Department. For particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

OUNDLE SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. An EXAMINATION will be held on December 9 for FIVE HOUSE SCHOLARSHIPS of £50 and one of £15 per annum, tenable for three years. Competitors must be under Fourteen on January 1, 1891. Particulars from the HEAD-MASTER.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up Vacancies on the Foundation will be held on January 15, 1891.—For particulars, to the HEADMASTER, 19 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

PRÉ SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Head-Mistress of the Norwich High School, and her sister, Miss V. WORMS, have a very comfortable EDUCATIONAL HOME for ELDER GIRLS. Garden and facilities. Tennis-court. Numbers 11m to 16—Address, Miss V. WORMS, 100 Upper Tulse Hill, S.W., from December 19 till January 16, 1891.

HILLSIDE, GODALMING. Preparatory for Charterhouse and other Public Schools. First Scholarship, Charterhouse, £60; Third Scholarship, Marlborough, £50. Four Assistant University Men. All boys taught French and Greek or German.

A. M. CURTEIS, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. G. GIDLEY ROBINSON, M.A., formerly Classical Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, and late Assistant-Master (Modem Side) in Charterhouse.

STAMMERERS should read a book by a gentleman who cured himself after suffering nearly forty years. Price 13 Stamps.—B. BEASLEY, Branksome Park, near Huntingdon.

BOARD-RESIDENCE, by Kensington Palace.—DE VERE HOUSE, De Vere Gardens, W.—A choice Winter Residence, newly decorated and handsomely furnished, affords luxurious home comforts, with cuisine, table appointments, and service equal to the best hotels; table-d'hôte meals at small tables; English servants only; private sitting-rooms, smoking-room, and five fitted bath-rooms; every room ventilated; perfect sanitation; terms moderate and inclusive.—Tariff of Proprietors. Telephone 8234. Note address and inspect.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, £20,000 required for new Nursing Establishment, enlargement of Medical School, Convalescent Home, and current expenses. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond.

ARTHUR E. READE, Secretary.

TYPEWRITING (REMINGTON), 1d. per folio, or 1s. per 1,000 words. Manifold, 1d. per folio. Numerous testimonials.—Miss BRAHMS, 6 Mildmay Park, London, N.

MADAME AUBERT, BANK CHAMBERS, 27 Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, S.W.—Holiday and Permanent Engagement required for English and Foreign Governesses, Companions, Lady Housekeepers, Matrons. Interview 11 to 4; Saturdays to 1.—Madame AUBERT'S GOVERNESS LIST, post free, 3d.

WOODCOTE LODGE, WINDLESHAM, SURREY.—Mr. G. H. MARTIN, M.A., Oxon., receives PUPILS, over Twelve Years old, for General Education, or preparation for Special Examinations. Ten years' teaching experience. Locality especially recommended for delicate Boys. Riding, Driving, Carpentry, &c. Highest References.

TO PUBLISHERS and Others.—A LADY, thoroughly conversant with, and fluently speaking, French, German, Dutch, and Spanish, will be glad to undertake TRANSLATIONS from any of the above languages into English.—Applicant, Tannachie, Falmouth.

THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD require the Services of a CLERK to the BOARD.

The Salary attached to the appointment will be £200 per annum, rising at the end of the fourth year of service to £1,000 per annum. The appointment will be subject to the approval of the Local Government Board, and the candidate elected will be required to devote his whole time to the service of the Board, and to reside in the vicinity of the Board's offices.

Forms upon which application must be made, and which contain a list of duties attached to the appointment, as laid down in the Order of the Local Government Board, may be obtained at the Chief Office of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, S.W.C., where such forms duly filled up and accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials, may be delivered to the Secretary, or to the Chairm'n of the Board, and sealed and endorsed "Application for the Appointment of Clerk to the Board," by or before 3 o'clock P.M. on Wednesday, the 17th day of December, 1890.

Selected candidates will be written to. Personal canvassing will disqualify.

2nd December, 1890. By Order.

ROYAL ALFRED AGED MERCHANT SEAMENS INSTITUTION. Opened in 1867.

THE HOME, BELVEDERE, KENT.

Pensioners at all Ports of the United Kingdom.

Annual Disbursements, £5,000. Annual Subscriptions, £1,000.

Number of Inmates, 100. Out-Pensioners, 200.

Patron.—Rear-Admiral H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G.

Chairman.—Admiral Sir F. LEOPOLD MCCLINTOCK, F.R.S.

Deputy-Chairman.—Captain DAVID MAINLAND, R.F.G.S.

The object of this Charity is to give a Home or a Pension to the Merchant Sailor when Old, Infirm, and Friendless.

800 Old Sailors, out of 1,700 Applicants, have enjoyed the benefits of this Charity; but from want of funds the Committee are unable to admit hundreds of necessitous and worthy Candidates, who for Forty years have been at Sea as Seaman, Mate, or Master.

Subscriptions and Donations are urgently needed to reduce this heavy list and to relieve many from destitution.

Office: 56 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

W. E. DENNY, Secretary.

NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME,

HAM COMMON, RICHMOND, SURREY.

OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.

Patrons.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALCANY.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

The object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, or presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Con for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS. Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRING & CO., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, Chairman.

E. EVANS CRONK, Secretary.

METROPOLITAN DRINKING FOUNTAIN and CATTLE TRough ASSOCIATION.

Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.

This is the only Society providing Free Supplies of Water for Man and Beast in the Streets of London and Suburbs.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited.

Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, RANSOM, BOUVERIE, & CO.

117 Victoria Street, S.W.

M. W. MILTON, Secretary.

662*